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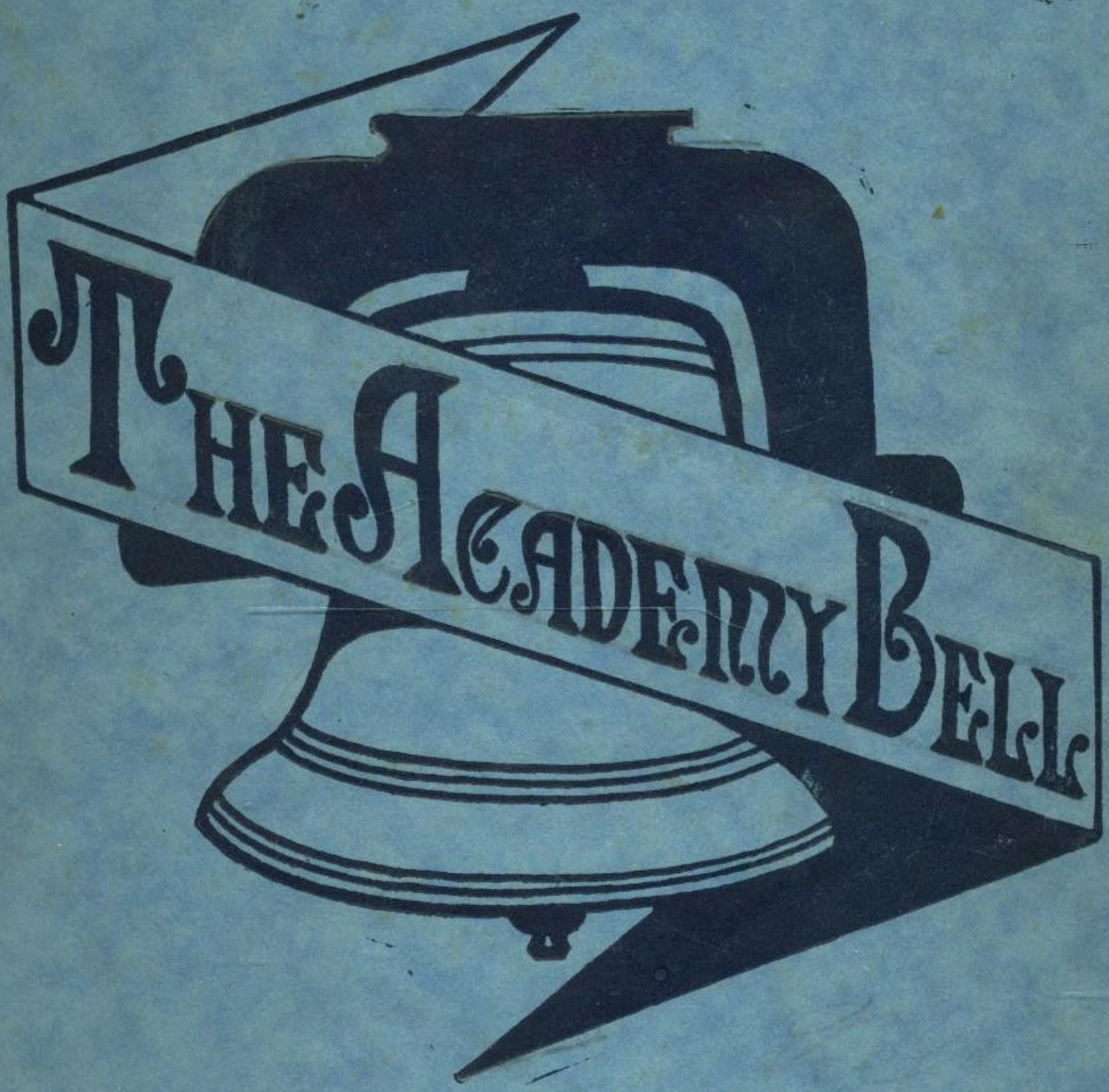

Fryeburg, Maine

The Academy Bell

Dedicated

to

The Trustees

of

Fryeburg Academy

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The Academy Bell

Volume XL FRYEBURG, MAINE No. 1

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Editorials

AN APPRECIATION

Before sending this Bell to press I, as *editor-in-chief*, wish to sincerely thank everyone on the board who has helped to make this Bell a success, also the students who have freely contributed. I appreciate the hearty cooperation of everyone in school, and the hard work of both Miss Johnson, as advisor, and Miss Smart, as typist.

The freshmen are as well represented by poems as by compositions. The sophomores are not left out either. As for the juniors—why, read a few of their stories! The seniors are sure to be predominant as the book proves.

That you may have proof of the value of this book I will stop praising it, and let the book speak for itself.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

BLEACHER ATHLETICS

To a small school, what does "Bleacher Athletics" mean? Some may say school spirit; others, public spirit; others, the cheering section. Let us consider for a moment, just what we do mean. Let us go out behind the Academy some Saturday afternoon next fall, and sit on the bleachers and watch a football game.

Out there on the field, we can pick out our boys, and those of the opposing team. Listen! There goes a cheer for the team in blue and white! What is behind that cheer? An empty heart, or a deep, warm-hearted school-spirited affection? Anyone listening to that yell could never mistake it for anything empty-hearted. Look around! Observe the people! Here are the teachers; there is a group of townspeople; over there we see a great collection of lively, fun-loving students, leaving their studies for the present and coming to join something apart from their studies, yet so much a part of them.

The cheering section, the townspeople, the students of the school, all—all eagerly supporting "their team." If she is ahead, they cheer for joy, if she is behind, they feel the need of their support and whole-heartedly they send it through the air, across the field, straight to the hearts of the players.

It is not only the boy playing in the game who is the athlete. It is also the athletic supporter, the one who goes to the games, shows any interest in the games, whether the school wins or loses, still supporting, helping to keep up the spirit, always showing the heart and mind of a "good sport."

We cannot all be on the field, so let all of us, if we cannot take part, go to the games and be a bleacher athlete.

LEURA HALEY, '29.

THE VALUE OF A SCHOOL PAPER

Nearly all high schools and academies have a school paper. Is this because of custom or is there some real reason behind?

A school paper includes all the activities of the school in a revised edition. It condenses all the events of the year into a convenient form for the students. (Almost every student buys a yearly book or ought to.) It shows what the school is doing, and how it trys to help itself.

There is usually a good literary department in the paper which serves to show how much the students are gaining from their education. Originality is sure to be outstanding in these also. It brings out the poetic talent if there is any.

The senior class pictures are always included in the annual. Pictures of athletic teams also have their place, and others that are of interest to the school as a whole.

Every true-spirited student is sure to get a year book, for he cherishes all that is included in it.

THELMA ROWE, '29.

NON-FICTION

When the modern youth has reached a certain age he attains a desire more or less for stories of some kind. Generally he will be inclined to read novels or fiction books. He classes the non-fiction books as dry and very uninteresting. However, he has formed an entirely wrong conception. Perhaps he did not read any further than the introduction or else fell asleep after having read a couple pages of it.

Now that I have said in a long way round that we should read more non-fiction in our daily routine of life, I will try to prove my statements.

Non-fiction is usually a biography or an autobiography of a person's life which is, of course, based upon fact. You say that you like something that holds your interest? Well, isn't a person's life filled with stirring episodes of various kinds, far too many to attempt to relate? If a person started to read one of these books with the determination that he was going to like it, he would soon derive as much and even more pleasure than from fictitious stories. After one has read many novels and stories of romance they begin to seem the same to him, and he grows tired of them. In comparing people's lives, no two person's lives are the same. Let us take for instance the biography of Herbert Hoover and the autobiography of Charles Lindbergh. How different the two men are! yet, are the histories of their lives uninteresting? What author is there who would spend hours upon hours of his time writing the story of a man's life if he knew that that man was not famous or had not led a fascinating life?

JAMES E. GUPTILL, '30.

AN APPRECIATION OF ATHLETICS

Too much cannot be said concerning extra curricula activities. Many students appraise these pursuits in terms of their own "personal fame," just as we all value material things in terms of money. However, most students regard these activities from a more healthy view-point. They regard them as a means toward broadening their minds, and as a possible preparation for later life. Another group is concerned merely for the satisfaction they receive from being of service to this school. The most important factor of success in activities, be they scholastic or athletics, is "getting out early." This factor is by far too often ignored. No matter how remarkable his physique, no matter how alert his mind, no boy can hope to "make" the varsity team, his first term at it. Therefore, this advice should be directed to the under-classmen, who can by "getting out early" "make" the team in their favorite sport; and it behooves all students, in view of the broad appeal and ever broader field of exploitation, who are mentally and physically sound, to try their brand at other activities than those demanded by the school course.

Fryeburg Academy affords for the girls field hockey, volley-ball, basketball, and track. There is enough outside competition to make all of these sports both profitable and interesting. For the boys there are football, basketball,

baseball, and track. They also have competition outside and in many cases very keen rivalry exists.

"School Spirit" has been much better this year than in previous years, but even at that "F. A." could and most assuredly should have much, much more.

ESTHER PETERSON, '29.

THE DOUGHNUT TREE

Not far from the town school on Portland street in Fryeburg is a big elm tree, shaped in a queer form. It has grown near a narrow sidewalk, and stands directly in front of a big old-fashioned white house. Mr. Towle, one of the trustees of Fryeburg Academy, owns this building, but does not live there very much of the time. The tree of which I was speaking has a huge limb that has grown into the shape of a doughnut. The tree is one of the natural curiosities of Fryeburg as it is very unusual and unique in its growth. The limb is not far from the ground and it has become necessary to support it by an iron rod to keep it from losing its shape. Many people who come to Fryeburg go to see this tree, and it is known far and wide as "The Doughnut Tree." It has been the subject of many newspaper articles, and anyone who has not made a visit to this interesting old tree should find time to do so.

ELLEN WILEY, '32.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Commercial department this year has progressed greatly under the supervision of Miss Smart. During this last year many typing awards have been given for speed and accuracy in typewriting. There is a great deal of credit due these students, because winning an award requires concentration as well as accuracy and speed.

Frances Heard deserves special mention because she has earned an award although she has taken typewriting only this year.

The following have received awards this year:

UNDERWOOD	Rate per minute for 15 minutes	ROYAL	Rate per minute for 15 minutes
Ruth Eastman	42	Ruth Pratt	45
Frances Heard	34	Ruth Eastman	40
Leah McIntire	32	Nettie Keefe	40
Nettie Keefe	31	Leah McIntire	36
		Thelma Rowe	35
		Marian Gilman	34
		Emily Mulford	31

Literary

OXFORD COUNTY

Oxford County extends about one hundred miles in length upon the western boundary of the state and was originally the northern parts of York and Cumberland. Great Ossipee River has made its southern limit and Canada its northern, and New Hampshire its western. It has now thirty-four towns and eighteen plantations and parts of plantations, covering an area of about seventeen hundred square miles; the northern portion is mostly unsettled. The county is well watered by the Androscoggin, Saco and their tributaries, and in the northern part are the large lakes, Umbagog and Mooselocmeguntic.

It is traversed by the Grand Trunk Railway. Paris has always been the shire town. From this town five of Maine's governors were chosen: Hamlin, Lincoln, Perham, and Paris.

Oxford County is usually the leading sweet-corn area of the state and takes first rank also in apples, with 305,000 bearing trees. Beautiful lakes and mountain resorts are along its western border, which touches the foothills of the White Mountains, and in these surroundings many boys' and girls' camps are located. Considerable lumbering is done, also pea-canning in the vicinity of Fryeburg.

The activities of practically all of the thirty-four towns center about taking the raw materials from the great forests and turning them out in high grades of paper, paper bags, postal cards, etc., and numerous products that are made from wood.

Rumford is one of the greatest sources of power in New England. Here the waters of the Androscoggin fall one hundred and eighty feet within about a mile. About 30,000 horse power is available. About 13,000 horse power is easily developed by the Rumford Falls Light and Power Company. Rumford has the largest population of all the towns in Oxford County.

Norway and Paris occupy another fertile section of Oxford County. Paris Manufacturing Company is located in South Paris, whose products are to be found in nearly every home in this part of the country.

Paris is divided into four picturesque villages. Leading industries and products in Paris are: Spool stock, wood

novelties, sleds, step ladders, children's toys, apples, canning, feldspar mining, clothes pins, pole bale woods, marbles and granite, snowshoes and ski manufacturing and mining for semi-precious gems. Its population is about 3,650.

Norway was first settled in 1786, an attractive village in Oxford County. Norway has a fertile soil and is watered by the great Pennessewasse Pond, which furnished good water power for the mills. The leading industries are practically the same as Paris. Shoes, apple barrels, cider barrels, canning, dowels and wood novelties, guns, lumber, snowshoes and ski manufacturing. Snowshoes used by Peary in his discovery of the North Pole were manufactured here in Norway. Summer hotels also serve for an important industry.

Albany was once called Plantation of Oxford. It was settled about 1800. The leading industries are lumber, shingles, spool stock. It has a population of 360.

Andover was settled by Merrill in 1789. The first mills were erected in 1791. It was incorporated under the name of East Andover in 1804. The leading industries are lumber and spools.

Byron is situated in the northern part of Oxford County on Swift River. The surface of Byron is very hilly and uneven. There are two mountains known as "Turk" and "Broad." Swift River runs through the entire length, and there is also a pond called Garland Pond. This place is well watered and has three or four mills. The principal occupation is agriculture. Wheat and corn are grown to a large extent. Lumbering serves for occupation in winter.

The northerly portion of the town of Grafton is timbered with pine and spruce, while the southerly portion is very mountainous. The soil is very fertile. The streams are Cambridge which flow into Umbagog lake and Bear river flowing south to the Androscoggin. Lumbering and farming serve as occupations for the inhabitants. Roxbury is practically the same as Byron.

Mexico is located twenty-five miles north of Paris. It is well watered by two tributaries of the Androscoggin River, and has a good, rich soil, and supplies the large amount of water power. It has different mills.

Dixfield is situated on the north side of the Androscoggin River, opposite the town of Peru. The surface is broken. The principal elevations are Large and Small Sugar Loaf and Aunt Hepsey's Mountains. It is drained by the Androscoggin, and contains no ponds or lakes.

Agriculture is carried on extensively, and woolen goods are manufactured.

The surface of the outskirts of Canton is uneven, while the center is smooth and level. At Canton Point, called by the Indians Rockomecca Point is a large beautiful lake and interval, which was in Indian times planted with corn. Whitney Pond is located in the southern part of the town. This town has several machine shops, for the manufacture of agricultural implements, a tinware factory, and an iron foundry.

Peru is bounded on the north by the Androscoggin River and is twenty-eight miles from Augusta. The surface is uneven and broken. On the Androscoggin there is a narrow interval, very smooth and fertile. Wheat and other grains were formerly the productions but lately corn, oats, hay and grass have been added.

The only mountains of mention are Black Mountain and Tumble Down Dick. There are several small ponds, some of which are Cranberry Pond, Worthy Pond and Twenty Mile Pond, and Spear's Streams; there are several mills on Spear's Streams.

Hartford is in the eastern part of Oxford County. It was settled soon after the Revolutionary War. It is watered by numerous ponds and small streams, and has good farming lands.

The surface of Hebron is hilly. In the northern part is Streaked Mountain. It is a large rather smooth elevation, rising to the height of about sixteen-hundred feet above the field below. Hebron is well watered by ponds and small streams. The principal ones are Big Brook, Middle Branch, and Matthew's Pond. In Hebron is the Hebron Academy, a school for boys. Here also is one of the largest sanitariums for tuberculosis in the United States.

Buckfield is situated in the eastern part of Oxford County. There are several rich beds of magnetic iron ore here, from which the very best wrought iron and steel can be made; lime stone is also found, which yields lime nearly equal to that of the Rockland quarries. A bed of yellow ochre has also been opened. The town is watered by Twenty Mile River. This river is made useful by sufficient water power for several mills and machinery.

Oxford is in the southern part of Oxford County near Hebron. The surface is somewhat hilly. Water is supplied by the Androscoggin and the outlet of Thompson's Pond. There are several large mills in Oxford.

In the western part of Oxford County is Sweden, forty-five miles from Portland. The soil is good for farming purposes, especially for the growth of grains. Kezar River crosses the western part and there are also two ponds by which the town is drained.

Hiram is in the extreme southern part of Oxford County. It lies on both sides of the Saco River, and it is rather uneven at the center but on the Saco and Ossipee are some tracts of pitchpine plain. The most noted mountains are called Bill Morrill and Mount Misery. Saco River runs through a part of the town. Ten Mile Brook, Clemon's, Spectacle, Image, Hancock, and Bryant's Ponds furnish water power for mills and other machinery.

The great Ossipee River separates Porter from Parsonsfield. It is six miles in length and contains about twenty-three square miles. The surface is generally uneven, having many hills of considerable height. A large number of cattle are raised for market. The soil is good for raising Indian corn, potatoes, wheat, rye, and oats. There are many good orchards of natural and grafted fruit.

Mine Mountain, though not very large, is celebrated on account of the mining operated there by William Towle in 1802. Small portions of iron, lead and silver have been found there, also on Rattlesnake Mountain.

There are also a number of ponds. The two largest are Concord and Bickford. The former covers one hundred and fifty acres and the latter about one hundred. There are several small mills on these ponds.

Denmark is situated in the southern part of Oxford County, and joins Fryeburg in the southeast. Its surface is very hilly and very stony. The principal mountain is known by the name of Pleasant Mountain, which is 2,000 feet above sea level. The Saco River bounds Denmark partly on the west. There are several small mills and they have enough water power to furnish these.

The lumber business was formerly the chief industry, but now agriculture, fruit raising and stock raising are more important.

Greenwood is situated nearly in the center of Oxford County. The surface is very broken. It is watered by nine ponds, three which empty into the Great Androscoggin at Bethel, and the other six into the Little Androscoggin. Agriculture is the leading industry, many apples are raised and shipped each year.

The surface of Gilead is very mountainous and a considerable portion is covered with forests.

Gilead is drained by the Androscoggin River, which runs through its entire length. Wild River falls into the Androscoggin. The Grand Trunk Railway passes through this town into New Hampshire.

Stoneham is well watered and is a rather small town in Oxford County between Lovell and Albany. It manufactures lumber, boards, shingles, shook and hoops. Many of our minerals are found here.

The surface of Sumner is somewhat broken and uneven. A portion of Black Mountain, noted for its large growth of blueberries is located in Sumner. There are three ponds, known as Pleasant, Labrador, and North Ponds. Twenty Mile River runs through Sumner. Agriculture is the chief industry.

There are several beautiful ponds in Woodstock which form mill-streams and empty into the Androscoggin. There are several mills where wood articles are manufactured.

Bethel is situated on both sides of the Androscoggin and contains an area of 25,000 acres. There are several good farms along the river as the surface is very fertile. The Grand Trunk Railway passes through the town, making transportation of products available. The academy, known as Gould's Academy, is located here and ranks high as an institution of learning.

Newry, which is located in the western part of Oxford County, is a wild and mountainous country. Bear and Sunday Rivers flow through nearly parallel in a southerly direction, falling into the Androscoggin.

Hanover, in the western part of Oxford County, lies north of the beautiful Androscoggin River. It has some of the finest interval farms in the country. The surface is broken and uneven and is well watered by Howard's Pond, lying about a mile from the Androscoggin River. This pond is noted for its abundance of speckled trout. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people here.

Milton is watered by several little ponds and by the Pushaw River, a tributary of the Penobscot. The soil is very rich and fertile. It has several good mills.

Waterford is an attractive resort in the hills of Oxford County, it is the birthplace and burial place of Artemus Ward. At Waterford there is splendid bass fishing in Lake Keoka.

Brownfield is an old town and one of the most picturesque in its section. Each year brings more and more people, vacationists and motor parties to see the beautiful spots. These hills are virtually the foothills and outposts of The White Mountains and some of the views are as extensive as can be found higher up in the range.

Not far away, on the border of Maine and New Hampshire is beautiful, historic Fryeburg, and you can see from this town the White Mountain range and many others. In the back ground is that queer ledge formation "Jockey

Cap." In this town is the Fryeburg Academy, where students from many different states have received and are receiving their education.

Ten miles from Fryeburg, through the pine woods and along the ridges that overlook beautiful lakes and peaks of the White Mountains, is the quiet country Village of Lovell. Lake Kezar, which Lovell borders, is over nine miles long, and in some places a mile wide, well stocked with salmon, small mouthed bass, pickerel and many other kinds of fish, and furnishes safe bathing and boating. The scenery in Lovell is beautiful; there is none better any place in Maine. Mount Washington, Kearsarge, and a dozen other peaks of greater or less degree are in full view and the long range of foothills make the village among the finest in this region. Within the limits of Mount Washington are: Mount Reho, McDaniel's Hill, Christian Hill, and Mount Sebatos. Mt. Sebatos is nine hundred feet high and with its tremendous cliff is one of the great sights in this section. Lovell is rapidly becoming one of the great inland summer resorts.

There are one hundred forty-seven varieties of minerals in Maine, eighty-seven of which are in Oxford County, forty-seven of those that are used for gems. The tourmaline and topaz are found on Harnden Hill. The best tourmaline is found on Mount Mica in Paris. The red and green are unequalled elsewhere. Practically the entire supply of the rare metal, calsium, was taken from a lipidolite mica deposit in Oxford County.

The best amethyst comes from Denmark. Beryl from Stoneham, specimens are found in every noted museum in the world. In Paris there are also feldspar mines, lipidolite from which lithium element is produced and used for medicine. Localities for pearls are in Stoneham, Otisfield, Waterford and Byron.

Among the noted men from Oxford County are Dana from Fryeburg, Ex-Governor Long, Buckfield, Artemus Ward, a writer from Waterford, Cyrus Hamlin, who was vice-president, was born at Paris. Professor Chapman of Bethel, who has done a great deal for Gould's Academy and for the music students in and around Bethel. Hannibal Hamlin, who was vice-president of Roberts College in Constantinople for several years, from Paris. Albert J. Stearns, born in Lovell, is now a lawyer in Norway. Marcellus Ward Stearns, a native of Lovell, served as governor of Florida for many years. Arthur Bartlett is a reporter for the Portland Press Herald. Daniel Webster, from Salisbury, New Hampshire, was one of the first teachers in Fryeburg Academy, and was a great statesman. Warren Durgin, one of Abraham Lincoln's bearers, who has lived in Oxford

County practically all his life, died just recently. Miss Anna Barrows, who has done a great deal for Fryeburg and its famous Academy, is a lecturer in a Teachers' College at Columbia University. Edith A. Sawyer is also a native of Fryeburg; she, too, has done a great deal for the Academy. Mrs. Lydia Lord Shedd has lived in Oxford County many, many years and has written many beautiful poems, one of which is named: "That's Where Maine Comes In."

THAT'S WHERE MAINE COMES IN

Far to the east where the winds blow keenest,
Here is where the grass grows greenest;
Our beautiful land with its rock-bound coast,
Guarded by islands, a sentinel host,
That's where Maine comes in.

Far to the east where the north winds roar,
And the surf resounds on her rocky shores,
Where the tall cliffs rise in majesty,
Keeping watch o'er the looming sea,
That's where Maine comes in.

Far to the east where the pine grows strongest,
Where the reign of winter is sometimes longest,
Where men are noble and strong and true,
Where women are brave and loving, too,
That's where Maine comes in.

Where the handclasp is a little warmer,
Where the heart beats are a little stronger,
Where heaven seems a little clearer,
And God's promise shineth clearer,
That's where Maine comes in.

Where the wild bird's wing is fleetest,
Where the robin's song is sweetest,
Where the lakes and rivers are pure and clear,
And nature sings to the listening ear,
That's where Maine comes in.

Tho' far thru the world our feet go roaming,
Our hearts will turn homeward when comes the gloaming,
And we'll long to rest where the pines are sighing,
Under the star-lit heavens lying.
In life, in death, our hearts within.
That's where Maine comes in.

NORA MCALISTER, '29.

A ROW OF GIRLS AT THE MOVIES

The movie house was partly filled with people, both young and old, all waiting expectantly for the movie to begin. More people were coming in and seating themselves in the nearest place possible without having to parade the hall. Soon a laughing, giggling, and rather noisy bunch of girls entered the hall, and seated themselves in the last row. Everyone turned to look as they filed in, and smiled in a knowing way at what they termed the "flaming youth of the present generation." As soon as the girls were comfortably settled, the lights went out, the music started, and the movies began. The pianist, who was playing a popular song, was quite surprised at hearing the hum of girlish voices keeping accompaniment to her playing. The girls, however, soon tired of this, and began to talk among themselves. "Oh, sugar, I've seen this, and it's terrible. I'd rather attend a dog fight," said one girl.

"Why don't you go home then?" asked another one with bright red hair.

"I've paid my money, and besides, this is better than going to bed. I'll try to stand it out, although it's doubtful if I can."

"We wouldn't want you to see anything that you disliked, Betty, darling. I'll go out the door with you."

"Cat!" snapped Betty. "Don't worry, my dear, I'm not going home now. All you want to do is get a chance to walk home with Bill. But you won't! I'm going to stay right here until this movie ends!"

After this outburst came a silence—and then—"Oh, girls, look at that leading man! Isn't he adorable! And can't he ride horseback! I don't think this movie is half bad!"

"He's not half as good looking as my brother!" growled Betty, who had not fully recovered her good nature.

"My soul, your brother must be a regular Apollo!" sighed the sentimental little girl with brown curls.

"My brother is all right; best brother in the world. Hold everything! Look at that runaway girl on horseback!" and Betty had fully recovered her good nature.

"See that leading lady? Well, that's me!"

"Yes, that looks about as much like you as a rose is like a walnut!"

"Thanks, thanks, my worthy friend! I adore your compliments! So characteristic of you!" And so they went on, slamming at each other in every possible way, yet

having a good time. The movie drew to a close and the group of girls filed out of the hall, and each started for her respective home.

"Good-night, Betty and Bill! Be good. See you in the wash!" And then quiet, except for the little girl with the brown curls singing, as she entered the house, "Show me the way to go home."

AUDREY E. PENDEXTER, '31.

JAMES J. AUDUBON

This great American naturalist was born in 1780 at Mandeville, Louisiana. He was educated in France but returned to this country and started his study of birds. He would sit for long hours in the forest watching his feathered friends, and as he was something of an artist he started to draw them.

His father lost his money, and the family was so poor that James could not buy real paints. He made a brush of cat hairs, and the Indians showed him how to mix the juices of plants to make different colors.

One day the man that had taught him in France came to visit James. He saw the young man's ability to draw, so he gave him a set of paints with real brushes. James then began to draw the birds in earnest, and in 1826 he went to England to exhibit his drawings of birds. As these met with great favor he had his 435 paintings made into a book called "The Birds of America" now selling at $2,000 a copy.

Returning to America he started work on a second book, "Ornithological Biography."

Audubon kept up his work until his death in 1851.

The Audubon Society, an organization for the protection of birds, was organized after his death and named for him as he was the founder of bird study.

WILLIAM BERRY, '32.

NATURE IS FILLED WITH POETRY

The view from my study window was very entertaining. In a sunlit space on the edge of the forest a fire burned brightly; over it swung a pot, boiling and bubbling. Beside the cracking legs stood a tall, slim girl in corduroy trousers, leather leggings and a much worn jacket. She might easily have been mistaken for a boy, had not her cap been thrown on the ground, letting her hair fall down over

her shoulders. Towering around the open space in the wilderness were mighty peaks, snow crowned and glistening against the clear blue of the autumn sky.

LEAH MCINTIRE, '30.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF CICERO

There is a great controversy of opinion regarding Cicero, the man, for, by some Latin students he is greatly praised and by others he is considered altogether contemptible. By citations from Cicero's letters, where he expressed his passing thoughts as well as his settled opinions, we can draw the conclusion that he was unpatriotic, cowardly, and disloyal to his friends and family. But, truly, what public man of today could stand such a harrowing test of character? Many just biographers, however, after separating his real and lasting sentiments from his false and fleeting ideas, agree that we was indeed a great and noble man.

Cicero's worst enemies never accused him of vice. Although he was by nature timid and mild, he could, if necessity urged, become very heroic. While he was vain, he could not be called ungenerous or jealous of others, and through his worthy praise, many of his contemporaries were made more illustrious. In society, he was a great favorite because of his wit and genial nature. He was affectionate and true to his friends, and always ready to help them with advice, political or personal influence, and money, when they were in need.

At home his family life was very unfortunate; his last years spent with Terentia were unhappy; his only son Marcus, was often a source of anxiety because of his inclination to be wild; his idol, his daughter, Tullia, caused him much sorrow and disappointment; but his loving and affectionate nature is well shown in his treatment of his slaves, who truly adored their kind and merciful master. He was almost a brother to Tiro, one of his faithful servants, who was also his general right-hand man.

As a boy Cicero was tall and slender, growing to manhood a tall, graceful, and dignified being, making an impressive and inspiring appearance while standing on the Rostra delivering his orations.

In summing up the characteristics of Cicero we conclude that he was witty and congenial in society, kind to servants, heroic where occasion called it, by nature timid, mild and vacillating, vain, generous to friends in need, and, impressive and inspiring to behold. Plutarch described Cicero thus, "He was by nature framed for mirth and jests."

RUTH WILEY, '29.

An inspiration after reading *Selected Letters of Cicero:*

TULLIUS TO HIS BELOVED TERENTIA

I received the good news today that our family has been set ahead one member. Me hercule! I am especially glad to hear this and will be home to see the little rascal soon. Don't forget to feed him, for good food builds up great strength. I wish I could be there and see him at his first meal, but then—the fates are unkind and the gods forbid. For the first week I think bread and milk would be a good diet, and then slowly give him some vegetables, and finally a bone. But don't give him too much meat, for the other poodle died of that, you know.

Oh, by the way, have an extra bathtub installed, for I am bringing some friends home with me.

Well, don't forget to feed the gold fish and put the cat out every night. Farewell.

P. S. Don't catch cold and be sure to put up your window before going to bed.

TERENTIA (WRITES) TO TULLIUS

I don't know why I'm writing for I have nothing to say, but never mind, I am going to take my time doing it.

I was very shocked to find that in your hurry to leave Rome you forgot your toothbrush. So, by Medusa, I am sending you one.

Don't forget to wash your neck and ears. Vale.

P. S. You big bum, you forgot to kiss me good-bye. Don't hang around with those fellows you've been accustomed to, especially that nincompoop Pompey.

T.

CHARLES THURLOW, '29.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF CICERO

After reading one or two of Cicero's orations the ordinary person comes to the conclusion that Cicero could not have been human and his works are classed as some of the necessary evils of a Latin course.

But one does not see the real Cicero if he reads only the orations. Read his letters and you will soon find out he was really human after all. Take one of his letters to his friend Atticus. There one finds his plans for the coming campaign and his wish to have his friend come and help him. Or take a letter written to Trebatius to whom Cicero was

giving advice. These letters must have been cheering and encouraging to the young aristocrat who was trying to gain wealth and fame in Gaul with Caesar. Next read one of Cicero's letters to his freedman, Tiro, who is recovering from a severe fever. These we find have the deepest concern for Tiro's comfort and welfare. Our next letter is different from any of the others. It is written just after the death of his daughter, Tullia. This letter shows his great affection for his daughter, and his great sadness. Yet he attempts to bear his grief according to his philosophy.

Each letter shows some outstanding characteristics, and one soon finds that Cicero, in spite of his fiery orations, was very human.

MARJORIE MOULTON, '29.

SCHOOL DIARY

September—School opened. There are over one hundred students enrolled. Maybe I shall have a speaking acquaintance with all of the new ones by graduation time, but it certainly won't be any before. My freshman year I nearly fell through the floor (or at least I should have liked to) because there were so many new faces, but this year it seems worse than ever.

October—Football, hockey, volley-ball—all in full swing. Gee, if anyone goes to all the games he will be bankrupt before any of the other sports get here. Say! I never knew 35c pieces counted up so fast.

November—Thanksgiving—yes, but there would be something to take the joy out of life—RANK CARDS. Clyde Johnson with his A's and me with my D's and E's. Gosh, what teachers! Of course, I'm to blame for not studying, but I do thing some of these A students must be more or less teacher's pets.

December—Christmas vacation. Santa Claus. Well, here's hoping some of the dorm boys get a razor. Anyone would think they were letting their whiskers grow so that they could use them to fill a mattress when they do shave.

January—School going again in full swing. The basketball teams are bringing in a victory every now and then.

February—"Flu"—"Flu!" Everyone is having the flu. Teachers, students and everyone else going to school. Not a single one escapes.

March—Measles—I guess this year of school is doomed. No sooner do we get the "flu" cleared up when the measles come floating along. Just in time for the senior drama, too.

April-May-June. These months are still in the future; but graduation and separation will be here very soon.

LEURA HALEY, '29.

ARE THEY ALL ALIKE?

Our car is always giving us a surprise. One minute it may purr like a contented cat; the next, it rattles and clangs like a fire truck. It seems as if, by this time, that we should be familiar with the fact that a car runs out of gas. However, it still is a surprise to us when, looking at the gasoline gauge, we find the tank empty. Flat tires, too, come to our peaceful minds as an earthquake to an ignorant race. So, taking it all in all, the only time we know where the car is and what it is doing is when it is safely locked in the garage.

ELIZABETH RUNDLETT, '30.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

Mid-years had begun! Girls were hurrying across the campus with books under their arms. Jane Winton was going to take her Latin examination this period. Horrors! She hadn't studied it at all.

Jane liked sports, especially basketball. The last and biggest game of the season was to be the next week. Any girl who did not get eighty or over in all her examinations, was not allowed to play in any game. Here was Jane, without her Latin, and she was the best player on the team. It looked rather bad for Jane.

As she was walking down the corridor, she met another girl, Patricia Trent. Pat—as she was known by the girls—was substitute forward on the Briarwood team. She was very good in all her studies, and always had her lessons. She sat right across the aisle from Jane in Latin class.

Jane sat sucking her pencil. She didn't know the answers to any of the questions. Her eyes fell on Pat's paper. She might copy it, then she could play in the big game! She wrote furiously for the remainder of the period, occasionally glancing at the other girl's paper. At the close of the period she passed her paper in.

"Cheat! Cheat! Cheat!" thumped Jane's conscience. All afternoon she imagined this. Finally Jane ran across the campus, up the steps of a dormitory, and knocked on the door of her Latin teacher's room.

"Come in!" cried Miss Potter. "Oh, hello, Jane, what can I do for you?"

"Miss Potter, may I, please, have my paper back?"

"Why Jane!—well, certainly if you want it." She handed Jane the paper.

Jane slowly tore it into small pieces and dropped them into the basket. She turned and fled from the room to hide her tear-filled eyes.

The day of the big game had arrived! Jane was not playing. Pat was playing in her place. The game was a good, fast one. Pat scored goal after goal. The game ended with Briarwood Academy many points in the lead. Pat had won the game for her school.

"Wonderful game, Pat!" exclaimed Jane, "you played a marvelous game!"

BETTY ANDREWS, '32.

THE ANNIVERSARY

"O! Hubby, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Newlywed, "that book, 'Comrades of the Wild' that you have just brought home is simply wonderful. Mrs. Brown has read it, and she says that it is awfully thrilling. Did you get it at the town library or the school library?"

"Well now," proclaimed Hubby with a dignified air, "that book didn't happen to come from either of them. I bought it, at *The Red Gift Shoppe* down town, with the intention of giving it to you. Have you forgotten what day it is!"

"For the land's sake!" shouted Mrs. Newlywed, "you did remember to bring me a present, didn't you, Hubby? Just think—it doesn't seem possible that we've been married—two weeks."

JAMES GUPTILL, '30.

EXPECTATIONS

"Ouch! Help me, Betty. Quick, it's crawling all over me!" shouted a voice from inside the tent, breaking the stillness of the August evening.

"What is the matter? What do you want?" I questioned, doubting the real necessity of immediate help; then, as the sounds of scrambling feet continued, "Wait a minute, I'll be there."

"For Heaven's sake, turn on that light."

"Yes, I will; but calm down and tell me just what the trouble is."

"Oh—oh, I will try," she gasped, "but it is *so* unpleasant." She made a great attempt to stop wiggling and gave directions: "It's on my head now."

I began looking, expecting to find anything from a sword fish to an elephant.

She continued, "No, on the other side I mean. Ouch! Hurry up. It's biting me again."

I hurried, looked, and found the cause of all the commotion; then doubled up with laughter. It was not an elephant; simply—a June bug.

ELIZABETH RUNDLETT, '30.

CAESAR AS A FOOTBALL COACH

Julius Caesar was a man of small stature, but of unusual leadership. Caesar would have undoubtedly proved himself a very valuable coach because of this quality alone. A coach must have confidence of his men. Caesar had the confidence of twenty-five thousand men during his Gallic conquest; consequently the confidence of twenty-five men would be very easy to gain, working on the ratio of one to a thousand.

Caesar's knowledge of men was unusually keen. During the war with Ariovistus, Caesar's army was thrown into a panic because of a psychological effect produced by rumored stories of the fierceness and giant size of the Germans. By addressing his leaders he brought them out of the slump fairly easily. A football coach needs this asset very much because it is the state of the player's mind that often wins the game. He would also use this power to throw the enemy into a panic.

Caesar was supreme as a tactician. Today football games are won, not by brute force, but tactics. Caesar proved himself a master mind at this type of warfare, and football may be seen as a miniature war with each man a legion.

Caesar was a very quick thinker. He was a great statesman, and in Rome a statesman had to be a quick thinker to defend himself against his foes. A football coach also needs this gift of quick wits. Very often it is the coach with the fastest brain that wins the game. An ability to see the opponents' mistakes and take a proper advantage of them, also an ability to see his own mistakes and rectify them; in these things Caesar was a wizard.

Summing it all up, Caesar would have been the world's best coach in football had he been alive today and chosen that profession. He was a born leader, a psychologist, a tactician, and a man quick to grab the opportunity.

GORDON CUTLER, '30.

IMAGINATION

I have discovered a substitute for going to the movies as a form of entertainment. I close myself in a dark room, sit down in a nearby chair, gaze at the window curtains, and allow my imagination to transform into a silversheet. Many different countries and people parade before me. For example, the intense azure of the Mediterranean, gay, dancing people of the Riviera, the snow capped Alps, the mysterious Arabian deserts; or even old Chinatown.

HALLIE HICKS.

THE RELENTING FATHER

(One act play for three people: Father, daughter and the boy friend)

Characters

Mr. Connor—(Father, grim, cross)
Wayne Cornell—(the boy friend)
Hughla Connor—(Mr. Connor's daughter)

Curtain rises on father reading the evening news. Daughter enters.

Hughla—Dad, I'm sorry but the boy friend is coming over tonight, and I shall have to ask you to excuse me from reading to you.

Father—I'll do no such thing. That pesky boy friend of yours is going to stay away from here. I've seen all I want to of him. The next time he comes into this house I shall just tell him that if he wants to marry you he'd better get busy and propose, but if he thinks I'm going to support you while he has you with *him* all the time, and no thought of *my* happiness, he's mistaken!

Hughla—Oh, Dad, don't be like that.

Father—Don't be like that? What do you mean? Do you think I'll stand for being trod upon *all* the time? Now remember, lady, if you think much of that boy friend of yours, you'd better see that he doesn't enter this house tonight.

Hughla—Oh, Dad, but I can't. I want him to come.

Father—Well, you'll not have time for him tonight because you're going to read to me the same as you used to do before you met Wayne Cornell. You have forgotten all that I went through while you were a tiny bit of a thing not able to do anything for yourself. (Angrily) How selfish kids are! You can do all you want to for them, but when you ask them to do something for you,

they rebel and step right up to you and tell you what they're *going to do.*

Hughla—(Getting a book) Oh, please, Dad, can't I read to you now before he comes? Then he surely won't mind waiting a few minutes before he sees me alone. Dad, he thinks a lot of you. (Goes to him, sits on arm of chair and puts arm around him) He's always telling me how nice you are to him. It hurts me to see you act the way you do toward him. He's such a nice boy, Dad. I love him. I want to marry him, too.

Father—Marry that boy? You don't love him. Daughter, he could never make you happy. He's such a shiftless fellow. You must not, you cannot marry him!

Hughla—(Sobbing) But, please, Dad, can't I see him tonight? Won't you give him one try? I fear you do not know him very well. Won't you stay with us while he is here, Dad? Oh, Dad, please.

Father—(Pointing to book) Well, get busy and read to me before he comes. If he comes into this house like a gentleman I'll consent to let him stay.

Hughla—(Taking up book and reading a short paragraph. Knock is heard at door) Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h, there he is now! (Goes to door) Hello, Wayne. Do come in!

Wayne—(Stepping in, removing his hat) Hello, Hughla. How are you tonight?

Hughla—Oh, I'm fine, thank you.

Wayne—Good evening, Mr. Connor.

Father—(Unconcernedly) How do you do, Mr. Cornell? My daughter has just been telling me that you were coming over. Won't you have a chair? (Resigns to his newspaper, ready to let the young folks talk to themselves)

Hughla—Oh, Dad, aren't I going to read to you?

Father—No, I guess I'll read the paper a little before going to bed.

Wayne—(Low to Hughla, while making signs toward father) Hughla, dear, I came here tonight with the intention of seeing you alone. Will it be possible later?

Hughla—Dad will be leaving soon for bed, so just be patient. His eyes tire him so quickly that he can't read very much. (Hughla and Wayne are talking low when father rises, yawns, and throws the paper down. Hughla and Wayne both rise. Wayne goes to another side of the stage and lights a cigarette)

Father—Well, I must be going to bed. Hughla, you be sure that you come to bed early. Remember now.

Hughla—Yes, Dad, I will. (Exit father. Hughla, and Wayne sit down close together, and Wayne puts his arm around her)

Wayne—Hughla, I have something to ask you. I've been thinking about it for a long time, but somehow it's a hard thing to say. (Takes her hand) Dear, I love you. (Squeezes her tight. They rise) Have I any hope? I want *you,* sweetheart. Will you be mine, darling? (Hughla raises her head, looks into his eyes and shakes her head "yes." He kisses her) Come, honey, let's sit down and talk it over. (They sit down) I've been thinking for a long time and wishing I could have you with me always. Sweetheart, I'm so happy. When shall we be married?

Hughla—We must think of dad you know. I still have him to care for. We will be married as soon as it will be possible. (At this time father comes in, dressed as he was when he went out. Hughla and Wayne quickly rise, astounded at his appearance so suddenly on the scene)

Father—I did not mean to listen, children, but when I went out of the room to retire I intended to go straight to bed. On arriving in my room I found I had left my slippers in the kitchen and as I passed by this door I heard in very low tones "I want you, sweetheart," and I could not help from listening to the rest. I am so glad. I wish you much happiness, children. (Hughla goes over to him)

Hughla—Dad, it's pretty late for you to still be up. (Father kisses her and says in a low voice) Daughter, please forgive me. I fear I was a bit hasty tonight, but I'm very glad now. It reminds me of the time I asked your mother to be mine. Now, dear, you know what I've missed ever since I lost her. But tonight I'm happy again. Goodnight, dear. (As he leaves he pulls his handkerchief from his pocket and raises it to his eyes. Wayne goes to Hughla and gives her a *long* kiss)

Wayne—Your dad is such a dear man. Now just once again. (They embrace as the curtain is lowered)

THELMA ROWE, '29.

DUTCH CHARACTERS AS PORTRAYED IN THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW AND RIP VAN WINKLE

Of every nationality one may find people who are characteristic of their country. Just as John Bull was pictured in the essay named for him, one might be written showing the character of the Dutch.

On a warm Spring day, a housewife may be heard singing as she goes about her daily work. In the midst of the second verse, she pauses to urge her lazy husband to work. The garden needs hoeing, but, if she even succeeds in driving him out of doors, it is only to give him a better advantage to stroll away and join the others at the Tavern. Thus the work of tending the garden, which supplies nearly all the food, is added to the list of other things the woman must do. In the meantime Rip—if you choose to call him that—has taken his accustomed seat in the gossiping, arguing, boasting group which habitually occupies the one spot of shade made by the old elm tree before the tavern. Although the talk of this group may begin with politics the attention is sooner or later turned to the person who has recently seen some mysterious apparition such as the Headless Horseman. Hearing this individual boast of what he has seen recalls to the minds of others their own thrilling encounters of the same nature. Thus the rest of the lazy, warm morning is spent by the men who dare risk the anger of their wives when they return to dinner. Then perhaps on his way home Rip has to cross some little bridge suspended over a quiet stream. The shady banks look cool and inviting after the walk along the dusty road in the noonday heat, so he stops to rest just a moment. It is long after dinner time when he puts aside his castles in the air and continues on his way. The scene which follows his entrance of the door may better be imagined than described if his wife has the true Dutch character.

ELIZABETH RUNDLETT, '30.

THE BLACK CAT

As Told by Lucinda Jane Peabody

The other day as I was going to visit my neighbor, Mrs. Berglund, a black cat came out of the bushes and went right across the road in front of me.

I said to myself right then, says I "If that black cat don't bring me bad luck I'll eat my hat." Well, I didn't

have to eat my hat, by any means, because bad luck came right along and disposed of it so I couldn't.

"Even before I'd reached Mrs. Berglund's a gust of wind came along and blew my hat clean off, right into the middle of a mudpuddle! Of course it was ruined, and my second best hat, too! But the worst of it was that I had to go the rest of the way to Mrs. Berglund's looking like those summer boarders that haven't the decency to wear a hat once in a while.

"Nothing else happened that day, but the next day bad luck began coming thick and fast.

"The first thing, I burnt the toast that I was fixing for breakfast, and as my husband won't eat burnt toast I had to toast some more.

"I dropped and broke three dishes while I was washing them after breakfast.

"When I started getting dinner I thought I'd get some of my blueberry preserves from the cellar for dessert. My husband likes blueberry preserves and I thought it would pacify him after his late breakfast. When I was coming up stairs with the blueberries I slipped and fell the whole length of the stairs with those blueberries on top of me. I wasn't hurt much, but it's a wonder I wasn't killed with that hoodoo hanging over me. But you had ought to seen me with those blueberries all over me. Such a time as I had getting those blueberries off of me. Of course that made dinner late and my husband was crosser than before. And to make matters worse I forgot the cake I had in the oven and it burned to a crisp. When I'd finally got the dishes washed it was two o'clock.

"Then I thought I'd work on a dress I was making as I was behind in my spring sewing. Before I knew it I'd cut two sleeves for the same arm and I had to send for some more cloth before I could finish my dress.

"If ever I see a black cat within a mile of me again I'm going to turn right around and walk the other way so that awful cat can't walk in front of me."

KATHERINE HARNDEN, '32.

MEMORIES OF A SEA VOYAGE

The sea was a deep blue as we left the pilot boat astern and headed for Panama. The yellow sand of the Delaware Capes certainly looked homey to me, realizing I would not be back for three months. I had just passed my fifteenth birthday and was rather young to be a deck hand on a huge freight steamer. I had gone to sea on a bet and was rather sorry at the moment that I had.

The first night out I was taken to the wheel house and taught the secrets of steering a large steamer. I learned very rapidly, and after an hour or so I could handle it alone. I soon became quite skilled in this art and had a steady wheel watch while at sea.

I had the first mate's watch which gave me a wonderful opportunity to observe the functioning of nature at sea. I saw the beautiful sunrises and sunsets, which would have been lost to me if I had one of the other watches. I appreciated the sunrises at sea, because each day was exactly like the preceding one except for the weather; and the sun was a prophet for the weather that was coming. I also saw the rain storms sweep across the broad ocean, but then, you have to be a sailor to appreciate that sort of thing. To me the working of nature at sea is always a perpetual source of wonder.

One of my duties as helmsman was to ascertain the temperature of the water we were in. This was done to determine our position in regard to tidal runs. One day, after reporting the temperature to the mate, the officer told me to be on the look out for marine life as we were crossing the Gulf Stream. I relieved the man at the wheel, and soon afterwards saw my first school of porpoise. I also saw black fish, sharks, dolphins, whales, and turtles; there were, besides, many strange sea birds, which were feeding on different types of small fish which abound in these waters. I asked many questions that day, but the men were very patient with me, telling me many strange things about the great fish. I am inclined to believe they stretched the truth a little at times.

We were at sea nine days when one of the men reported land in sight. I rushed on deck and beheld far down on the horizon a dark, grey cloud which finally developed into hills covered with tropical trees and a stretch of sandy beach. After sailing a few hours, I was able to see the masts of the government station at Colon. We finally reached Colon and dropped anchor beside the entrance to the canal. Nine hours later we were steaming into the broad Pacific, headed for San Pedro.

GORDON CUTLER, '30.

OUR TRIP ON CARTER DOME

On September 22, 1928, the Dormitory girls of Fryeburg Academy made their memorable expedition to Carter Dome.

We put up lunches enough for fifteen, and after supplying "Mister's" truck with gasoline and oil and filling the back part with old mattresses, we finally started off at 9:30 A. M., from the "dorm," singing "Hit the line for Fryeburg."

Those who went were as follows: "Betty" Rundlett, Eleanor Chase, "Maggie" Harmon, Irma Fehlandt, Miriam Chase, Ruth Pratt, "Bill" Gannon, Marion Barker, Charlotte Wentworth, Priscilla Wilkinson, "Betty" Andrews, and I. The teachers were Miss Mildred Smart, Miss Ruth Johnson, and Miss Ruth Piper. Mr. "Hinie" Heartz was our chauffeur.

Our first mishap was just a few miles out of Fryeburg. The steering gear was very loose and we were going about twenty-five miles an hour, when, as "Hinie" tried to steer the car one way it went another. We nearly got "ditched," but luck was with us and we did not meet with any serious accident.

We stopped both at Charlotte's and Ruth's house at Jackson for a few moments and then started on again.

The trip was very pleasant until we reached Jackson. Here our trouble began.

We were going down a little grade when something came off the under part of the car and dragged on the ground. "Hinie" stopped and found that the exhaust pipe had dropped down. He took it off and tied it to the running board. By the time we had substracted part of the truck I do not wonder that it would not go right.

Soon we came to a hill which we could not make, so all the girls got out and walked up. By the time we had

mastered several hills in this fashion, we finally reached the Glen House at the foot of Carter Dome.

The truck was left at the foot of the mountain and after each one took an orange and put enough sandwiches in the pack that "Hinie" carried, we all started up the mountain.

We managed to keep together for a while, then some got ahead of the others. Finally Priscilla and "Betty" Rundlett passed us, leaving seven of the girls behind with more teachers behind those. We could not keep up with them because we were tired and stopped often to rest. Every half mile we saw a sign that said, "Four and one half miles," "Four miles," "Three and one half," and so on until we reached the top. The Tote Road was an easy trail and very pleasant.

We picked berries on our way and ate them. By the time we reached the top, we were nearly starved. Priscilla and Betty kept ahead of us all the time and reached the summit nearly an hour before we did. When the seven of us finally did reach the top, we climbed up into the lookout station and ate our dinner.

We waited for about an hour for the teachers to come, but decided that they had taken the wrong trail and probably would be a longer time coming up than we were, so we started down but had no sooner reached the foot of the lookout station when Miss "Johnnie" and a few others came up the mountain saying that the rest were waiting for us to come down that way as they were so tired that they could not get up. "Hinie" decided to go down and bring them up while we waited.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon then and growing colder every minute. I started down the path to meet some of the other girls as they said it would be warmer down there, suddenly I tripped over some rocks and went flying into the air. When I finally did strike *terra firma* I was a total wreck. My arms were bruised and my legs all scratched up. Nevertheless I was able to walk again.

We finally asked the teachers if we might go down for it was cold and getting late, but they said, "No." When they weren't looking four of us strolled quietly down the trail, not saying a word to them. When we did get out of sight we ran as fast as we could. Ruth Pratt and I were in front and two other girls behind.

The trail was so steep that we had to run nearly all the way down, stumbling now and then on a rock. When we came to the main road we found to our dismay that it was not the place from which we had started. We did not

know exactly which way to go then, but finally decided to turn to the left and fortunately it was the right way. It was nearly a mile from there to the Glen House, but we finally reached it.

Ruth and I ate our supper and then went into the hotel and rested. Soon the other two came along followed shortly by the rear guard.

"Mister" came up to bring some of us home. He drove the truck and "Hinie" drove "Mister's" car.

Before we reached home we were nearly frozen and so tired and lame that we could hardly walk.

Although we were unfortunate at times, I think everyone had a most joyous outing and all were glad that they went.

MARY SAMPSON, '32.

REPRESENTATIVE FRENCH ART

Every nation has its artists as it has its business men and politicians and France is not an exception to this rule. On the contrary, France has had her full share of famous artists. From among all these artists let us choose three that will be typical of French Art. The three that come first to our minds are Corot, Millet and Rosa Bonheur. Perhaps the critics do not agree that these are the best of their class, but they are better known and more interesting than some others.

Corot represents the Fontainbleau-Barbizon school. This school was primarily devoted to showing the sentiment of color and light. It took nature just as it found it in the forest of Fontainbleau, on the plain of Barbizon, and elsewhere and treated it with poetic feeling for light, shadow, atmosphere and color that resulted in the best landscape painting yet known.

Millet was one of the peasant painters who were allied in feeling and sentiment with the Fontainbleau painters. Millet was virtually the discoverer of the peasants as an art subject, and he painted them with great simplicity and poetic farce.

Rosa Bonheur was a painter of animals. Some critics rank her work as prosaic and commonplace; others rank her as the greatest woman painter of animals; another ranks her with Landseer; and yet another as the greatest painter of animals of the nineteenth century.

Jean Baptiste Comille Corot was born in Paris in 1796 the son of a barber. Corot's mother had been apprenticed

to a milliner as a girl and soon after the birth of her son she became proprietress and with the aid of her husband, who now gave up his shop, she became prosperous. Their son was sent to school in Rouen. On his return home in spite of his great desire to become an artist, he was apprentice to a linen-draper. When Camille was twenty-six his father gave him an allowance of 1,200 francs a year and told him he could do as he pleased as long as he asked for no more money. He therefore entered the studio of Michallon. Michallon died the same year and Corot studied under Bertin. Corot seems to have learnt but little from his masters although he did his best to paint the historical landscapes in the manner then in vogue. After finishing his academic course he went to Italy. He now began working in the open air, making studies in the Campagna. After spending two and a half years near Rome and Naples he returned to France to exhibit several landscapes at the Salon. It was not until after a second visit to Italy and the production of many classical compositions such as the "Africa" and the "St. Jerome in the Desert" that the true Corot emerged and began those studies of French landscapes which set him apart from all artists and won for him the high position he occupied until his death. His first work of this period the "Christ on the Mount of Olives" of 1844 is a true masterpiece. Corot had entered on the right path at last and for the next quarter of a century he worked on, never again deviating from it though many years elapsed before he found a ready sale for his pictures. In 1846 he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. His father, who had kept his word concerning his allowance, now doubled the amount.

Although Corot had a house at Ville d'Array and often stopped at Barbizon he lived a great deal in Paris and many of his finest landscapes were painted in his studio there. Absorbed in his work and with no companion but his sister, Corot took but little notice of what was going on around him. When the revolution of 1848 was in progress and he was in the street-fighting he is said to have asked a passer-by what the trouble was and if the people were discontented with the government. In 1870 it was not until the Germans were at the very gates of Paris that he realized anything unusual was going on. Corot died in 1875.

In the work of Corot details are suppressed; he endeavored to interpret the impression received from viewing a landscape and his strongest excellence is the suggestiveness with which he accomplished this. His management of light and atmosphere is inimitable, especially when he represented early morning and twilight. His color is cool

and silvery, pale greens, grays, and browns. His best pictures are: "Dance of the Nymphs," "Paysage," "The Bathers," "Ville d'Array," "Willows near Arras," "The Bent Tree," "A Gust of Wind," "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

Jean Francois Millet was born at the village of Gruchy, near Greville in 1814. As a boy he helped his father on his little farm, early winning a close familiarity with nature which stood him in good stead in later life. He is said to have first thought of becoming an artist through seeing some pictures in an illustrated Bible, and to have tried to make sketches of the peasants about him in a similar style.

Millet was fortunate in having relations who early recognized his unusual abilities. An uncle who had retired from the priesthood taught him Latin, and it was probably due to his influence that he was sent to Cherbourg in 1832 to learn painting from an artist named Langlois who, however, could teach him next to nothing and advised him to go to Paris. The municipality of Cherbourg granted him the sum of 600 francs for the preliminary expenses and an allowance of 400 francs for a few years. With this small but welcome assistance Millet went to the French capital where he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts as a student. He soon became dissatisfied with the instruction he received there and obtained admission to the studio of Paul Delaroche, the historical painter then at the height of his fame. Millet was not long in recognizing the fact that he had not even now found his true teacher. Therefore, in spite of the fact that Delaroche allowed him to work with him for nothing after his funds were exhausted, he soon left the kindly painter. He now took a small studio with his friend, Marolle, in the Rue de l'Est, spending, however, very much of his time in the Louvre studying the Old Masters. During this time Millet produced from time to time several fine classical canvasses, remarkable for their solemn, almost religious sentiment although they were inferior in force of expression to his later work. The two friends lived together for eight years, even doing sign paintings and advertisements to earn a living. In the midst of all his poverty Millet married. His first wife lived only two years but he married again.

During the terrible years between 1841 and 1848 when Paris was in the throes of the revolution Millet must have had a hard struggle to live. He, himself, fought on the barricades in the first scenes before Lewis Napoleon was proclaimed President of the Republic.

Millet now resolved to leave classical subjects alone and in 1850 he left Paris to take up his residence at Bar-

bizon on the borders of Fontainbleau Forest. From this time the history of his art development can be closely followed in the series of pictures exhibited at the Salon. Millet had at last found his true voice. He never again wavered in his choice. The foundation of all his work was observation, but observation idealized by a fine imagination. He did not attempt painting in the open air or even from the living model in the studio. He worked in the fields about his house as a sower and reaper, entering as he had done in boyhood and early youth into the hopes and fears of the peasants, noting every characteristic detail of their lives, then he reproduced from memory what he had seen. He received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in 1867. He died in 1873.

Millet was leader in what may be called the rustic genre, an important art development. Like Rousseau he suffered much at the hands of the adherents of classic or academic art, and was long refused admittance to the Salon exhibits. He had a fine feeling for line and form and a thorough appreciation of chiaros curo, which in his hands, expresses thought and feeling. His figures have about them a simple grandeur of form with a dignified piece of expression which sets them apart from the peasants of any other painter. They are real portraits, not idealized likenesses, of actual men and women in their every day occupation. They have indeed so completely eclipsed the fame of all that Millet produced before them, that it is difficult to remember that he was also painter of various classical subjects which at one time attracted considerable notice in Paris. Representative works are: "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "Shepherdess with Sheep," "Sheepfold by Night," "Water Carrier," "Woodcutter," "The Angelus," "Potato Gatherers," and "Bean Harvest."

Marie Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeau in 1822, the daughter of an artist of some little local reputation. Rosa was one of a large family all of whom, sooner or later, adopted art as a profession. Her mother died when Rosa was quite a child and soon after the father took the children to Paris, when she was sent first to a convent school as a day pupil and later to a boarding school. After remaining there for a short time she was apprenticed to a dressmaker, but she often played truant from her work to wander about in the Louvre and make rough copies of the pictures there. Surprised at the talent these early efforts displayed, her father allowed her to take lessons in painting from Leon Cogniet, a good teacher, but not himself very successful as an artist, who advised her to be an animal painter.

Rosa was but nineteen when she won her first success at the Salon with two oil paintings, one of a group of goats and sheep, the other of two rabbits. It was not until 1845 that Rosa left home and established herself in a studio of her own in the country, where she could study animals to her heart's content. She withdrew to the Forest of Fontainbleau where she kept a menagerie in the grounds about her house.

For convenience's sake Rosa Bonheur adapted a semi-masculine costume and for a time one heard much less about her painting than one did about her masculine garb.

Among the most celebrated of her earlier works is the "Labourage Nivernais" which is still considered her masterpiece by many critics. It was painted in 1848 and the subject is supposed to have been suggested by the opening passage of George Sands' "La Mace au Diable" describing a sturdy young ploughman guiding his eight vigorous oxen over a rich pasture in the bright sunshine.

Soon after the exhibition of the "Labourage Nivernais" Rose Bonheur's father died and she felt his death so keenly that she did not send anything to the Salon for some years. In 1853, however, appeared the "Marche aux Chevaux" which had cost her eighteen months of hard labor, and in its vigorous realism and strong coloring has been compared with the best work of Gerecault.

As a matter of course all manner of honours were showered upon the popular painter. She was the first woman to receive the Leopold Cross of Belgium, the Commander's Cross of Spain, and that of the Legion of Honour of France. Concerning the last, the story is told that the Emperor was very unwilling to grant it to a woman but that the Empress won a reluctant consent after long persuasion, and took it herself to Fontainbleau. As Rosa Bonheur rose to greet her Imperial visitor the Empress bent over her, and it was not until she was alone again that the artist discovered the gleaming cross pinned to her blouse.

All through the war of 1780 Rosa Bonheur remained in her Fontainbleau home and when the Germans advanced on Paris, the Crown Prince gave strict orders that no injury should be done to her pack or residence. In the troubled times which succeeded the capitulation of Paris the artist still maintained her seclusion and during the last years of her life she became more and more of a recluse, only visiting the capital now and then, as when in 1896 she was chosen to act as guide to the Emperor and Empress of Russia through the galleries of the Louvre. She died on the 26th of May, 1899, leaving behind her an unstained reputation as that of a woman without fear and without re-

proach who, in the midst of her own prosperity, had been ever ready to hold out a helping hand to those less fortunate than she.

It is possible that future generations may not fully indorse the verdict of her contemporaries on the pictures of Rosa Bonheur. However, she will always rank high among woman workers so single was her aim, so high and noble was her ideal. She drew and modelled with a skill rare among female artists who, as a rule, are impatient of the endless toil needed to secure true success; as a result she achieved a really remarkable mastery of technique. She took perhaps too prosaic a view of her subjects, sacrificing poetry of sentiment to rigid accuracy of form. On the other hand she avoided any exaggerated expression. She had little of that imagination which gives to the simplest theme a poetry of its own, but as a faithful exponent of animal life with all its well defined limitations she stands alone among the painters of the nineteenth century. Besides her two best known pictures "Labourage Nivernais" and "Marche aux Chevaux" she painted "Haymaking in Auvergne," "Sheep on the Sea-shore," "Skye Ponies."

MARJORIE MOULTON, '29.

THE TOWN GOSSIPS IN "THE GAY-90's"

Mrs. Abbott, a widow of about sixty years of age, had returned from her trip to town and was making a cake, when Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, stepped in.

"Good-day Mollie," said Mrs. Brown. "I see you are making cake."

"Yes, indeed," said Mollie, "I thought the hired man would like some. Won't you sit down?"

"For a little while, thank you," said Mrs. Brown, "although I ought to be home."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mollie, "I don't know what the world is coming to; why, I was almost knocked down by one of them horseless carriages today."

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Mrs. Brown. "Come to think of it, it was only yesterday that Nancy Piper pulled her skirt a whole half an inch above her ankle, with several boys looking on."

"There! I smell my cake burning," exclaimed Mollie, as she ran towards the kitchen.

"Well, I guess I'll be going over to the Widow Jenkins' —Goodbye," said Mrs. Brown.

"Goodbye," said Mollie, "Come again."

STANLEY BREWER, '30.

Poetry

THE PIRATE SONG

My boat sails forth in quest of booty rare,
Nor wind nor wave shall stop it on its quests;
And soon 'twill sail into the golden west.
'Tis as an eagle swooping from his lair.

The sea upon its breast my ship will bear.
'Tis manned with men of kind the very best.
I have the Jolly Roger for my crest.
All ye who sail upon my seas take care.

My ship did once into a harbour sail,
Whose people did not see our death flag wave;
We'd come to seek a haven from the gale.
Today they all lie mouldering in the grave.
And here I stand a mighty pirate bold—
I'd sell my very soul in search of gold.

ANONYMOUS.

SCHOOL DAYS

It's very hard to write a poem,
  And I don't know how to start in—
Yet Miss "Johnnie" says I must,
  So I might as well begin.

First I sit on the window-seat,
  Then walk around the floor.
Now I am up, and now I am down
  To ponder and think once more.

I wonder why we have to work
  And study so hard to learn.
The teachers tell us not to shirk
  And sometimes they're quite stern.

Now there is Mr. Larrabee.
  We try his patience you just bet,
Especially in Commercial Arithmetic—
  Fractions! I can't do them yet.

He will say, "Now Miss Sampson,
If you will only try,
You can do that simple problem.
It is just as easy as pie."

Immediately I start right in,
And then,—oh deary me!
The answer isn't ninety;
It's only seventy-three.

Then he says, "That isn't right.
How much did this man haul?"
But before the answer leaves my mouth
I start right in to bawl.

After that comes writing;
That isn't quite so bad.
But when it comes to spelling,
That actually drives me mad.

Our first word is *knowledge.*
The second word is *fame* .....
By the time I have them memorized
I have almost gone insane.

I must not leave out English Lit.
Because "Mister" tries his best
To have us learn a little more
Of the world in the Lit. Digest.

Say, when it comes to rhetoricals
And speaking before the school,
My heart goes THUMP, and before I think,
I'm stammering like a little fool.

Perhaps you think it's lots of fun
Speaking before a crowd,
But you try and see how much fun it is
When they laugh at you good and loud!

But when school life is over,
And you wander far away,
You begin to wish you were back again
With your friends at old F. A.

MARY SAMPSON, '32.

DISHES!

(*An Inspiration from Alumni Hall*)

I like to wash the glasses.
I don't mind the silver ware.
But when it comes to tin ones
I could almost swear.

Mary hates the glasses,
And detests the silver ware.
But when it comes to tin ones
You bet she's always there.

Libby doesn't mind at all,
They're all the same to him.
But sometimes when they drag along
His face gets kind of grim.

MIRIAM CHASE, '32.

O FRESHMEN!

O Freshmen! O Freshmen! our fearful trip has begun;
The school will weather every rack, the prize we sought will be won;
The school is near, the bell I hear, the students all exulting,
While "Mr." eyes the steady keel, the students prosperous and daring.

O Freshmen! O Freshmen! hush up and hear the bell,
Rise up, the flag is flung! for us the bugle trills;
For us the Freshman initiation comes, for us the halls are crowding,
For on us they call, to make a speech, their eager faces turning.

Our Freshmen do not answer, their lips are pale and still;
The audience do not feel the harm, they have not pulse or will;
The school is anchor'd safe and sound, its doors are closed each one;
For the trip is finished, as we, The Freshmen, come in with object won.

DORA JONES, '32.

AN ESTIMATE OF CAESAR

Four long years I've strived,
To reach the ladder top,
But at each Latin Class I sigh
At the things that I've forgot.

When that Latin prof's eye
  Comes stealing along to me,
I'd rather be like Aeneas, between
  The devil and the deep sea.

Through French I fairly fly,
  In "Math" I am quite strong;
But I guess there ain't another guy
  Who can get his Latin so wrong.

Conjugate the verb *amo.*
  Decline *tuba, aes, hostis;*
But my mind's in the depths below,
  In a great sunken abyss.

And every night when I go to bed,
  I do solemnly pray
That that Latin prof I dread
  Won't call on me next day.

I never was good at Latin;
  I never could dope it out.
So every time I translate
  There's some degree of doubt.

"Omnis Gallia divisa est
  In partes tres"
To translate I'd do my best
  But my mind was filled with haze.

"Gaul is all divided, part three,
  Er—Gaul divided all three parts—"
I see her looking at me
  As again I vainly start.

It isn't any use, Miss Johnson
  I can't do this cursed stuff;
I'm a hard guy to down,
  But I know when I've had enough.

But she'll hear no protests
  My lesson I must do;
And in a half an hour or less
  I barely struggle through.

I've had Virgil and Caesar,
  Ovid and Cicero:
In all the works of these giezars
  I don't know how two lines go.

Now this guy Caesar was a fighter;
He knew his wars like a book.
He was never a "blighter"
For he won by hook or by crook.

But Caesar had his failings,
"Cleo" was his pride and joy;
She liked this Roman Soldier—
He was just a naughty boy.

But Caesar finally bit the dust.
His ambition got him in the end,
For when his heart received the thrust
He did the geesham bend.

His blood did run like a mountain stream,
Or like a startled doe.
His mighty thoughts went up in steam
His soul went down below.

CHARLES THURLOW, '29.

MEMORIES OF OLD F. A.

Way up beside the Saco river,
Far, far away,
That's where my heart is turning ever—
Back to old F. A.

That's where I spent my happy school days,
Far, far away,
That's where I learned my lessons,—
Back at old F. A.

And when I'm here no longer,
But far, far away,
In my fanciful dream I'll wander
Back to old F. A.

MIRIAM CHASE, '32.

THE PINE

Against the snow-clad hill,
Beneath the starlit sky,
The lone pine stands
With his lofty head on high.

Through his robe of velvet green
Where waving breezes sigh,
The moon, she throws her golden beam
Till dawn of day is nigh.

MIRIAM CHASE, '32.

A SONNET

Walking through the woods at dawn;
In leafy solitude and green,
I came upon a couchant fawn,
Who stared at me with guiltless mien.

At my caress it showed no fear,
It seemed to know I meant no harm,
It gave no start as I drew near;
'Twas a statue still and calm.

In search of salt it licked my hand,
Which meant but true fidelity.
And as I stroked its glossy back,
But pleasant thoughts came back to me.

Since then whene'er I stroll at morn,
I think of my love for this baby fawn.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RAIN

It is going to rain.
I see the clouds
Up in the sky so very far
Are drifting in masses
Above my head.
It is going to rain.
For I hear a gentle wind
Beating against the blind
Outside my window.
I feel a cool refreshing
Breeze go past my desk;
I shall close the window and shall rest.
But I shall not sleep—I shall only rest.
I will be able to understand the rain,
As one might understand a pain.
And I shall hear outside my window the
blind and wind;
And gently against my window hear the rain.
All this will make me meditate
Of places I have been
And people I have seen.—

L. P. S., '30.

Class Roll

RuTh Pratt
Carl JoHnson
Harold Eastman
Charles Glovin
Russell McLaughlin
Carolyn GAnnon
Clyde JohnSon
Nora McAliSter

Donald DOw
Emily MulFord

Ruth EastmaN
Ruth WIley
Esther PetersoN
Thelma RowE
Charles Thurlow
Evelyn BakEr
Charlotte WEntworth
Avis LamoNt

Marjorie MoulTon
William Walker
Geraldine GilEs
Priscilla WilkinsoN
Elwin MoulTon
Leura HaleY

Roy ThompsoN
Milton IllIngsworth
Edmund EmersoN
Kenneth BonnEy

Class Statistics

EVELYN BAKER
COMMERCIAL COURSE

Born October 1, 1911 Fryeburg, Maine

Secretary and Treasurer of Commercial Club 3, 4; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Pageant 2; Piano Recital 1, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition 2; BELL Board 3, 4; Typewriting-Shorthand Contest 3; Honor Student.

Our class has another apt commercial student, who is one of the most advanced. She excels in studies and promises to be a competent business woman. While at F. A. Evelyn has won many awards in commercial subjects.

KENNETH ALVIN BONNEY
"Bonney"
COLLEGE COURSE

Born September 27, 1912 Harrison, Maine

Entered F. A. from Mechanic Falls High School, September 14, 1926. Football 3; French Club 4; Varsity Club 4; Basketball 3; Track 2; Tennis 3; Minstrel Show, 3, 4; Chorus 3, 4; Wrestling 3; Prize Speaking, 3 Honorable Mention; Gym Exhibition 3; Latin Play 3; Baseball, Assistant Manager 3, Manager 4.

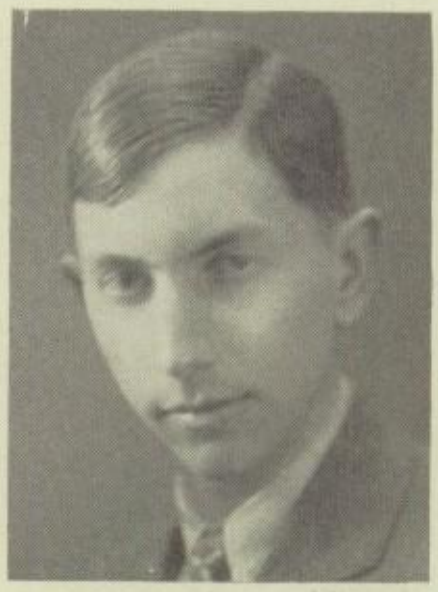
Can we forget how small "Bonney" was when he came to us his sophomore year? He is our class baby but he is very popular with a certain little girl. And can he dance? Well, I'll say! He was O. K. as a football player, and more than that as manager. "Bonney" proves himself very efficient as a baseball manager also. He may be small, but oh my!

DONALD SHERMAN DOW
"Doc"

Born January 3, 1912
North Scarboro, Maine

Entered F. A. from Hiram High School, September, 1927. French Club 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Manager of Track 3; Track 4; Minstrel 3, 4; Debating 3; Chorus 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; BELL Board 3, 4; Debating Prize 3; Class Part, Class Will; Honor Student.

"Doc" entered F. A. from Hiram for his Junior year, but he has made up for all lost time. It must be that "Doc" was the principal part of the debating team for it won when he was on it, and fell through when he was ill. "Doc" knows how to fiddle too. In the school orchestra he can hold his own as well as in the chorus. Would it be possible for such a witty, young fellow to do anything but succeed? Indeed *not!*



HAROLD RUSSELL EASTMAN
"Sheik"

Born January 1, 1909
Fryeburg Center, Maine

Track 3.

"Sheik" has been with us four years and has earned his place as senior. Very quiet and modest is he in all his ways.

RUTH ALBERTA EASTMAN
"Ruthie"
COMMERCIAL COURSE

Born June 10, 1912 Stow, Maine

Volley Ball 3, 4; Manager 4; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Minstrel 2; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Pageant 2; Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 3; Latin Play 3; County Shorthand-Typewriting Contest 4.

"Ruthie" has a natural ability for commercial studies, and has received many awards in several divisions. She is an important factor on the volley ball team also. To prove it you ought to have seen her play.

EDMUND BICKFORD EMERSON
"Skinny"
GENERAL COURSE

Born May 7, 1911 Brookfield, N. H.

Football Squad 1, 2; Team 3, 4; Circulus Latinus 3; Aedile 3; Commercial Club 4; French Club 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Basketball Squad 1, 2; Team 3, 4; Class Basketball 4; Track 3; Relay 3; Tennis 3; Minstrel 2, 3, 4; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4 (Baritone Soloist); Pageant 2; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Honorable Mention 2; Piano Recital 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Play 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

Athlete and soloist! His freshman year he became a "letter-man," and he has earned many more honors since then. "Skinny" has made his mark in the football field, on the basket ball floor, and as pitcher on the baseball team. He has also made a "hit" as soloist. "Skinnie's" drap voice is certainly all right. We hope that his red hair will keep him shining as a star after he leaves F. A.

CAROLYN GANNON
"Bill"
GENERAL COURSE

Born June 29, 1911 Salem, Mass.

Entered F. A. from Whittier School, September, 1926. Field Hockey 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; French Club 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Class Basketball 4; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Soloist 2, 3; School Circus 2; Gym Exhibition 2, 3; General Improvement Prize 3.

She has been with us three years and in that time has won her place among the seniors. "Bill" has been a star in both the hockey and basketball teams, without mentioning her talent as soloist. Keep it up "Bill"—you're going fine. When you get down to Oakgrove, just be the same old scout and all will be well.

GERALDINE GILES
"Jerry"

Born May 21, 1912
East Brownfield, Maine

Entered F. A. from Brownfield High School, September, 1927. Basketball 4; Class Basketball 4; French Club 4.

"Jerry" has the reputation of being one of the quietest girls in F. A., but not so when she attended B. M. H. S. She played on our class team in basketball and also during the alumni game. We trust that "Jerry's" quietness will win her a place in the future as an honored alumnae.

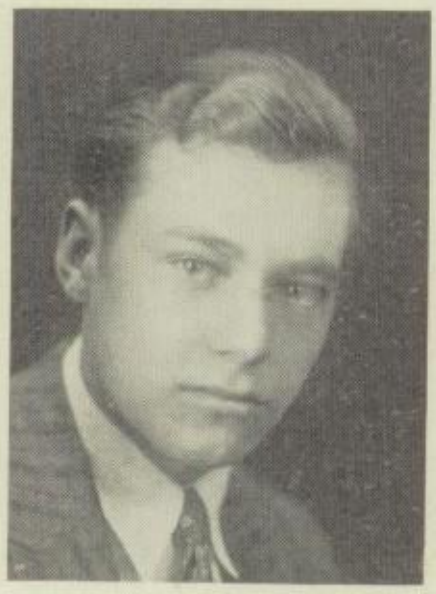
LEURA MARION HALEY
GENERAL COURSE

Born June 7, 1911 Fryeburg, Maine

Volley Ball 3, 4; Captain 4; Commercial Club 2; French Club 3, 4; Vice President 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel 2; Senior Drama; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; French Play 4; Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 3; BELL Board; Alumni Notes 4; Honor Student.

Ever since Leura entered F. A. she has progressed in everything she attempted. Our volley ball team is very glad they chose her for their captain. She did her stuff! In the gym exhibition last year she was one of four girls of the entire school who won a letter. As a student Leura has been right there. Will anyone ever forget her in the Senior Drama? She did her part in writing notes for the *Reporter*, also. Here's luck to you, Leura, in your undecided future.

MILTON FIELDING ILLINGWORTH
"Matt"



Born April 22, 1911 Saugus, Mass.

Chorus 1; French Club 3; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 4; Manager of Track 2; Minstrel 3, 4; Tennis 3.

One afternoon recently, we overheard "Matt" saying: "Eni, meni, mini, mo, Jackson, Intervale, Fryeburg, Laconia." We wonder which girl won out! If he was as successful in counting out his lady friends as he was as track manager, we trust he came out on top that afternoon. Well, "Matt," we hope you make a success of your future.

CARL JAMES JOHNSON
"C. J."
COLLEGE COURSE

Born November 19, 1911 Fryeburg, Maine

Football Assistant Manager 3, Manager 4; Circulus Latinus 2; Commercial Club 4; French Club 3, 4; Varsity Club 4; Basketball 3; Track 2; Tennis 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, Manager 4; Debating 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3; Pageant 2; Glee Club 1; Gym Exhibition 3; Latin Play 3.

Carl has been with us for four years. He is a member of the Varsity Club, gaining the honor by acting as manager of football. He also has great ability with the other sex. We hope he will always gain in his argument.

CLYDE JOHNSON
COLLEGE COURSE

Born July 28, 1910 Fryeburg, Maine

Circulus Latinus 2, 3, 4; Consul 4; Aedile 2; Commercial Club 4; French Club 3, 4; Track 2; Class President 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Pageant 2; Circus 1; Glee Club 1; Orchestra 2, 3; Piano Recital 1, 2, 3; BELL Board 1, 3; Latin Play 3; 1st Latin Prize for Boys 1, 2, 3; French Play 4; Honor Student—Valedictory.

One could write pages about Clyde's ability as a student or pianist, or dramatist or class president, but let us leave that to someone else and simply say that he is a "jolly good fellow," and the class of '29 is surely proud to have his name on the role.

AVIS BERYL LAMONT
COMMERCIAL COURSE

Born November 5, 1910 East Hiram, Maine

Entered F. A. from Hiram High School, September, 1927. Commercial Club 3, 4; Chorus 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3.

Avis has the reputation as the quietest person in the class, but we are afraid she doesn't always live up to it when at baseball games. Perhaps she has been known at F. A. only two years, but it doesn't take two years to discover that Avis is certainly a most likeable girl.

NORA PEARL MCALISTER
"Tillie"
COMMERCIAL COURSE

Born June 23, 1910 East Stoneham, Maine

Entered F. A. from Lovell High School, September, 1926. Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Chorus 2, 3; Gym Exhibition 2; Volley Ball Squad 4.

Nora may hail from Lovell but she surely can trip the light fantastic. She has all the qualifications for an A-1 flapper. You should worry about getting a man, Nora, as long as you have those eyes!

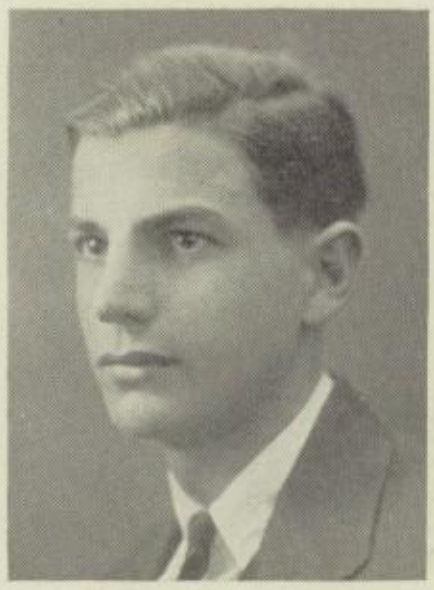
RUSSELL RANDOLPH MCLAUGHLIN
"Loppy" "Mac"
GENERAL COURSE

Born November 29, 1909 Hiram, Maine

Entered F. A. from Hiram High School, September, 1927. Basketball Team 3, 4; Captain of Basketball 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Baseball Team 3, 4; Track 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; President of Commercial Club 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Vice-President Varsity Club 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Minstrel 3, 4; School Circus 3.

It would be hard to say where "Loppy" stars the most, on the basketball court or baseball diamond, but he is a shining light on either. "Loppy" also has aspirations as an opera singer and has already rendered selections at the local movies.

ELWIN MOULTON
"Ellie"
COLLEGE COURSE



Born July 18, 1909 Hiram, Maine

Entered F. A. from Hiram High School, September, 1927. Football Squad 4; Circulus Latinus 3; French Club 3, 4; Varsity Club 4; Basketball 3, 4; Class Basketball 4; Minstrel 3, 4; Senior Drama; Latin Play 3; Baseball 3, 4; Honor Student; Class Part—Prophecy.

"Ellie" came here last year from Hiram High School and in those two years has captured a place on the baseball team and a class part, too. We are proud to have him in our class—*Keep up the good work,* "Ellie."

MARJORIE MOULTON
"Margie"
COLLEGE COURSE

Born December 26, 1911 Hiram, Maine

Entered F. A. from Hiram High School, September, 1927. Volley Ball 3, 4; Circulus Latinus 3, 4; Consul 4; French Club 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Captain 4; Class Basketball 4; Track 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 3; BELL Board 4; Latin Play 3; Vice-President Girls' Athletic Association 4; Honor Student; Class Part—History; French Play 4.

"Margie" has worked hard during the past two years and now "The End Crowns the Work." Marjorie has emerged with two honors "The Best Feminine Athlete" and the "Class Historian." We are proud of her.

EMILY EVA MULFORD
"Minnie"
COMMERCIAL COURSE

Born August 3, 1911 Brooklyn, New York

Entered F. A. from Erasmus High School, September, 1926. Volley Ball 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; French Club 3; Basketball 2-4, Manager 4; Class Basketball 4; Track 3; Senior Drama; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Pageant 2; Piano Recital 2, 3; Gym Exhibition 2; BELL Board 2; Latin Play 3; Vice-President Girls' Athletic Association 3; Class Part—Gifts to Boys.

"Minnie" came to us our sophomore year and has been a welcome addition to our class. She has been a student and an athlete, loved by all and welcome wherever she went. She showed more than usual skill in the Senior Drama as "Hazel," and we certainly hope she has as happy a future ahead of her as it was in the play.

ESTHER ARDEL PETERSON
GENERAL COURSE

Born March 25, 1910 Fryeburg, Maine

Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 3; Chorus in Minstrel; Gym Exhibition 1.

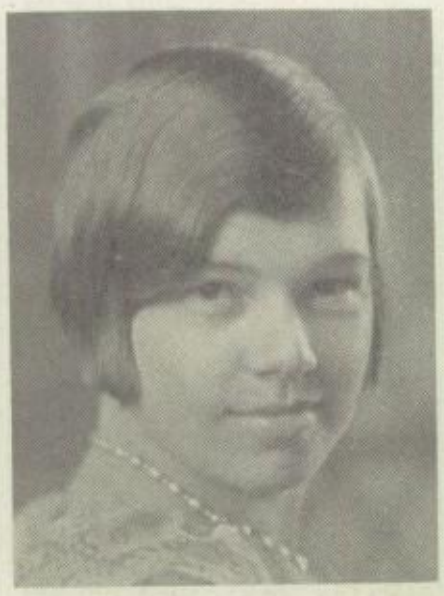
Esther has been a very sedate, quiet classmate, studying hard and working for the school. Although she has not taken a part in athletics she has attended most every game, and routed long and loud for our teams. She has a very quiet manner, and is always thought of as a studious schoolmate. We hope she makes a successful teacher as it is her dearest dream.

RUTH JEANETTE PRATT
"Ruthie"
COMMERCIAL COURSE

Born September 13, 1912 Avon, Conn.

Entered F. A. from Jackson High School, September, 1926. Field Hockey 4; Manager of Volley Ball 3; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; President of Commercial Club 3; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 2.

"Ruthie" came to us as a sophomore and has been a very quiet little classmate. No one knows her but to honor her. Her ability as a commercial student is very evident. She has won several awards, among them, her hockey letter and her typing pins. No doubt "Ruthie" will be a very successful stenographer to some busy person.



THELMA EVELYN ROWE
"Teddy"
GENERAL COURSE

Born May 11, 1909 Buxton, Maine

Field Hockey 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball Squad 1, 4; Commercial Club 2, 4; French Club 3, 4; Basketball 4; Class Basketball 4; Track 1, 2; Chorus 1; School Circus 3; Prize Speaking 3; Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 3; Editor-in-Chief of ACADEMY BELL 4; Honor Student.

Loved by all for her smiles, her ability and her good nature. "Teddy" has showed her ability in more than one line of work. Her rank shows her scholastic standing, and her basketball and hockey letters prove her athletic skill. She has faithfully helped write *Reporter* notes and was very successful as editor of the school paper. Not every girl can work her way and keep up in both studies and athletics and still win through with a smile. We hope she is as successful as teacher as she has been as student.

ROY ELSWORTH THOMPSON
"Tommy"
GENERAL COURSE

Born April 7, 1909 Melvin Village, N. H.

Entered F. A. from Tilton School, January 3, 1928. Football 4; French Club 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer 4; Varsity Club 4; Basketball Squad 3, 4; Minstrel Show 3, 4; Senior Drama; Chorus 3; Baseball 3, 4; Class Part—Gifts to Girls.

Although "Tom" has only been here two years he is a pal to everyone, for his happy, carefree ways have made his place at F. A. He is one of our varsity members and deserves a lot of credit. We never took "Tom" for a soloist, but he certainly gave us some good selections at the minstrel and at one of the varsity movies. He also showed his stage ability in the Senior Drama. Could "Uncle Matt" ever fade out of our minds? Certainly *not!*

CHARLES EDWARD THURLOW
"Squeakie" or *"Charlie"*
COLLEGE COURSE

Born November 7, 1911
Burnham Jct., Maine

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Circulus Latinus 2, 3, 4; Aedile 4; French Club 3, 4; Track 2; Assistant Track Manager 3; Class Secretary and Treasurer 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4, Tenor Soloist; Pageant 2; Prize Speaking 3, Honorable Mention; Piano Recital 1, 2, 3; BELL Board 3, 4; Latin Play 3; French Play 4.

"Squeakie" has been a member of our class all four years and has filled the position of secretary and treasurer. The memory that will stay with us longest, will be that of his part in the Senior Drama. "Rollo's" character certainly coincided with "Charlie's." He is our class poet, and has furnished many selections for our school paper. He has also been a star in the line of tenor soloist. No doubt Charles will succeed in the future and be an honored alumnus.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS WALKER
"Bill"
GENERAL COURSE

Born December 10, 1909 Bridgton, Maine

Entered F. A. from Bridgton High School, September, 1928. Football 4; Basketball Squad 4; Varsity Club 4; Orchestra 4; Commercial Club 4; Class Basketball 4; Track 4.

From Bridgton High came "Bill" for his senior year. His ability to play the saxaphone has helped to make the school orchestra a success. As a javelin thrower "Bill" won second place in the New Hampshire track meet. He entered the Varsity Club after winning a letter in football. In the future when you blow that old "sax," "Bill," just remember your senior year at F. A.

CHARLOTTE WENTWORTH
"Charlie"
COLLEGE COURSE

Born March 1, 1913 Pasadena, California

Entered F. A. September, 1926 from Jackson High School. Field Hockey 3, 4; Captain 4; Circulus Latinus 2, 3, 4; Scriba 3; Aedile 3, 4; French Club 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 4; Track 2; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Pageant 2; Piano Recital 3; Gym Exhibition 2; Latin Play 3; President Girls' Athletic Association 4; French Play 4.

When Charlotte is present we are all well aware of it. She is a good sport and has won her letter in field hockey and basketball. Let's give her full credit for her work as capain of the hockey team also. In her three years here with us she has entered the school life, and received much acclaim for her ability to lead.

RUTH WILEY
"Pat"
COLLEGE COURSE

Born January 17, 1912 Fryeburg, Maine

Circulus Latinus 2, 3, 4; Consul 3; French Club 3, 4; President 3; Tennis 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Pageant 2; Piano Recital 3; Gym Exhibition 1, 2, 3; BELL Board 3, Editor-in-Chief 3; Latin Play 3; Secretary and Treasurer of Girls' Athletic Association 4; 1st Latin Prize 3; Honor Student; Class Part—Salutatory; French Play 4.

It has been said that those who are wonderful students are not popular. If this saying is true Ruth is certainly an exception for she is an honor student—and as to her popularity—ask anyone at Fryeburg. How could anyone help being popular with the disposition and good looks that Ruth possesses? Although she has never taken part in athletics she has served on many committees for social affairs and has proved very competent. Ruth is quiet but has a pleasing personality and is loved by all.

PRISCILLA MARY WILKINSON
"Pris"
GENERAL COURSE

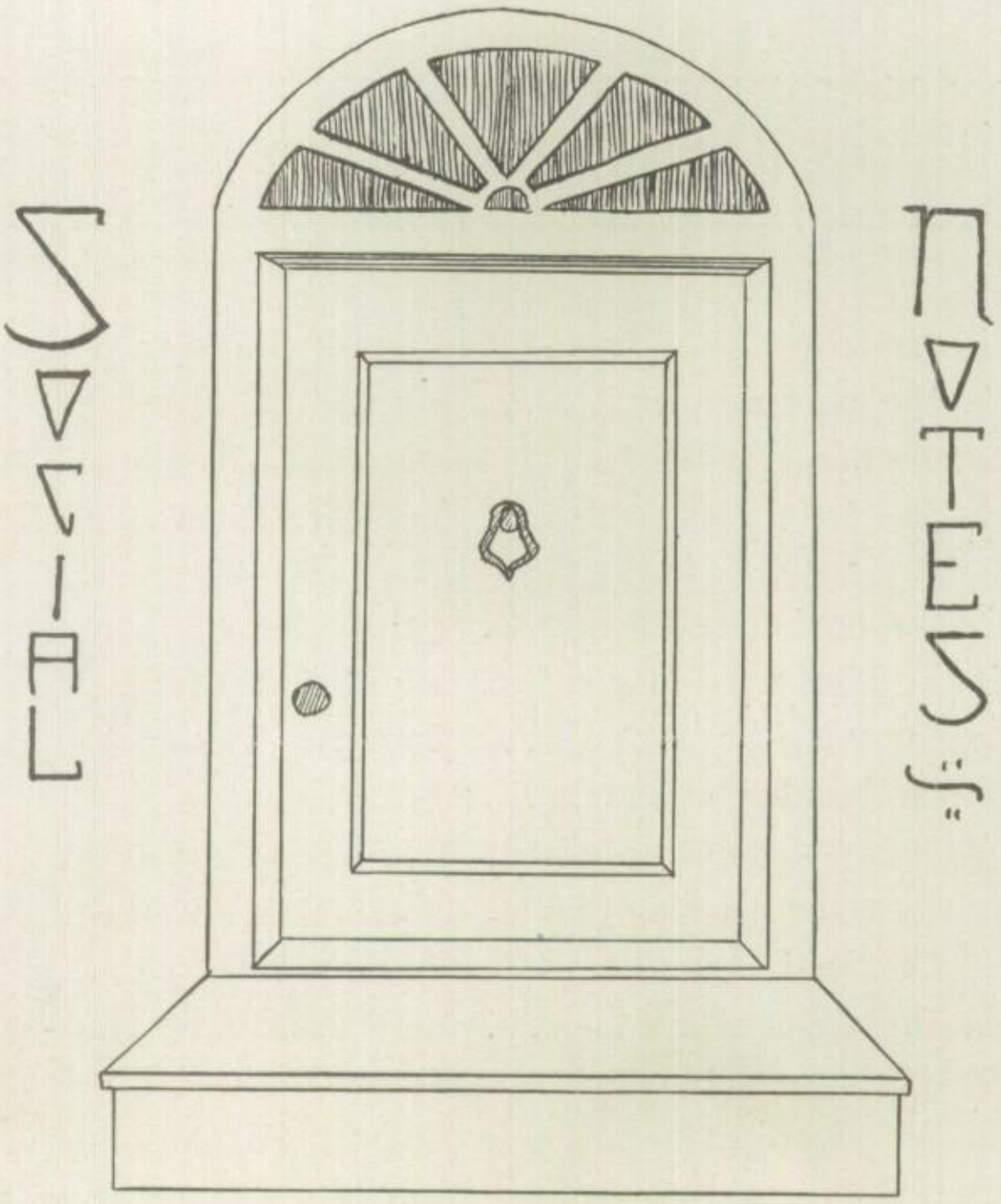
Born August 16, 1909 Wrentham, Mass.

Entered F. A. from Wrentham High School, September 14, 1926. Field Hockey 4; Commercial Club 4; Basketball 4; Class Basketball 4; Tennis 3; Senior Drama; Gym Exhibition 2; Latin Play 3; General Improvement Prize 2.

"Pris" came to F. A. in 1926, a bashful little maid, but before the end of her Senior year she overcame this difficulty. She is an approved fortune teller and as a basketball guard she's right there with the rest of them. She sure lives up to the reputation as "class scrapper."

Who's Who in the Senior Class

Who is the class baby?.....Kenneth Bonney
Who is the best mixer?.....“Minnie” Mulford
Who is the biggest flirt? .....Nora McAlister
Who is the best dancer?.....Nora McAlister, and “Loppy” McLaughlin
Who is the best dressed boy?..Clyde Johnson
Who is the best dressed girl?...“Minnie” Mulford
Who is the wittiest?.....“Tommy” Thompson
Who is the teacher's pet?'.....Ruth Wiley
Who is the most popular boy?..“Doc” Dow
Who is the most popular girl?..“Minnie” Mulford
Who is the best sport?.....Marjorie Moulton
Who is the class shark?.....Clyde Johnson
Who is the biggest bluffer?....“Skinny” Emerson
Who is the sleepiest?.....“Loppy” McLaughlin
Who is the most religious?....“Squeaky” Thurlow
Who is the class sheik?.....“Sheik” Eastman
Who is the most talkative?....Charlotte Wentworth
Who is the latest to class?.....Carl Johnson
Who is the quietest?.....Avis Lamont
Who is the most athletic boy?..“Skinny” Emerson
Who is the most athletic girl?..Marjorie Moulton
Who has the best disposition?..Marjorie Moulton
Who is the noisiest?.....“Bill” Gannon
Who is the class scrapper?.....“Pris” Wilkinson
Who is the best looking boy?...Carl Johnson
Who is the best looking girl?...Ruth Wiley
Who are the class grinds?....Ruth Wiley, and “Sheik” Eastman
Who is the most energetic?...Thelma Rowe



On Tuesday, September 11, Fryeburg Academy opened for the 137th year of service. The faculty is the same as last year with one exception. Miss Coburn, who taught commercial subjects here for four years, resigned last June. Miss Smart is the new member of the faculty.

"MINSTREL SHOW"

The Minstrel Show, given by the boys, Wednesday evening, called out a good crowd. The Interlocutor was Mr. LaCasce. The funny black faces of the end-men proved to be Gordon Cutler, Hugh Webster, Raymond Walker, Coach Anketell, Donald Dow, and Roy Thompson.

PROGRAM

Part I—Minstrel Show

Opening Chorus

Jeannine of Lilac Time, Charles Thurlow

I'd Love to be a Monkey in a Zoo,	Hugh Webster
Laugh Clown, Laugh,	Coach Anketell
Get Away, Old Man, Get Away,	Roy Thompson
Sonny Boy,	Edmund Emerson
I'm Glad That I Was Born a Boy,	Cutler-Dow
Banjo Selections,	Berry-Thurlow
Everybody's Welcome in Dixie,	Raymond Walker

Closing Chorus

Part II—The District School at Blueberry Corners

Coach Anketell deserves credible mention for his efforts in making the Minstrel Show a success, as also does Maxine Clemons, who was the able pianist.

Following this was a short play, conducted by Miss Farris, "The District School at Blueberry Corners."

The School Orchestra, "The Merry Music Makers," furnished the music for the dance. The prize for the elimination Fox Trot was won by Betty French whose partner was Gordon Cutler. The couple then did a lively exhibition dance for the benefit of the spectators.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On Friday evening, September 21, the Junior Class conducted the so-called "Freshman Reception." Gordon Cutler was master of ceremonies, and did a fine job. He was assisted by Stanley Brewer. The Freshmen did stunts to entertain the others. After the stunts everybody enjoyed dancing. The music was furnished by a very willing four piece orchestra.

THE CARTER'S DOME TRIP

On Saturday, September 22, a truck load of Academy girls left Fryeburg to climb Carter's Dome. They went to the Glen House via Pinkham Notch in the truck and then took the cut-off trail to the "19 mile Brook Trail." Later the party divided, part going up the "Tote Trail" and the others up through Carter Notch. The party got back to Fryeburg in the early evening tired but in good spirits.

FOOTBALL DANCE

A Football Dance was held in the gymnasium on October 27, especially for the boys who played football that day. The Hallowe'en decorations of the hall from the party the night before were preserved. Music was furnished by the

school orchestra, "The Merry Music Makers," composed of the following students: Piano, Maxine Clemons; saxophone, William Walker, Davey Force, Asa Pike, Jr.; banjo, Charles Thurlow; violin, Donald Dow; drums, Charles Glovin; leader, Coach Anketell.

It was a success both socially and financially.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

On Friday night, November 16, at the vestry the senior girls of Fryeburg Academy entertained the boys of the football squad at the annual football banquet. Much credit is due to the committee in charge, Ruth Wiley, Charlotte Wentworth, and Emily Mulford, also to Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Mulford, and Mrs. Pike, who worked in the kitchen.

"Mister," who acted as toastmaster brought forth the usual applause by his witty stories and introduction of the orators of the evening. Among those requested to speak were Coach Anketell, Manager Carl Johnson, Assistant Manager Stanley Brewer, Captain Hubert Blake, who has played his last game for F. A., Charles Cotton, Pete Ballard, and several freshmen who have been a big credit to the second team.

"Doc" Dow and "Blackie" Glovin led cheers for everybody involved. Captain Charlotte Wentworth, of the hockey team and Miss Piper responded in behalf of the girls' team.

Music by Jordan's Orchestra accompanied the singing of football songs. The room was tastefully decorated in the "blue and white" with banners hung at intervals on the walls.

The dance at the gym later in the evening with music by Jordan's Orchestra was a success both socially and financially. Events of this type mean a great deal to an alumnus as he looks back upon his school life. May the custom of the annual football banquet become an established fact at F. A.

EDITH A. SAWYER ENGLISH PRIZE

At an assembly, April 19, Miss Hallie Hicks of Brownfield, Maine, was awarded the Edith A. Sawyer Prize. This prize is given each year to the student who makes the best record during that year in written and spoken English.

In making the presentation Mr. LaCasce quoted Miss Sawyer as saying that she considered that her own moderate degree of success in writing had come mainly from careful attention to, and practice of the principles underlying composition, and the attainment of as extensive a vocabulary as possible.

The New York Times says in reviewing Miss Sawyer's latest book, "The Way of Ume": "The story contains a wonderfully detailed and colorful portrayal of Japanese life . . . . . It makes such a panorama as would be difficult to find elsewhere."

HONOR STUDENTS

Rank cards were given out Friday, April 19th. The honor students are as follows: Hallie Hicks, Evelyn Baker, Leura Haley, Clyde Johnson, Elwin Moulton, Marjorie Moulton, Emily Mulford, Esther Peterson, Thelma Rowe, Ruth Wiley, Stanley Brewer, Gordon Cutler, Marion Gilman, A. O. Pike, Jr., Betty Rundlett, Marion Barker, William Force, Vera Haley, and Katherine Harnden.

SENIOR DRAMA

"Applesauce"

The Senior Class of Fryeburg Academy presented the annual senior drama Thursday evening, March 21, at the K. of P. Hall. The class picked a three act comedy entitled "Applesauce."

The leading characters: Hazel Robinson, portrayed by Emily Mulford, and Bill McAllister, by Clyde Johnson, were well cast and played their part as near to perfection as amateur theatricals permit. Bill, as the college graduate without a cent, put his impractical education to use and by means of a lot of "Applesauce" outwitted his practical rival, Rollo Jenkins. Charles Thurlow assumed quite naturally the character of the practical Rollo.

Priscilla Wilkinson very creditably and with little apparent effort pictured Ma Robinson and Elwin Moulton as Pa Robinson with his gruff voice ably thundered and roared at Ma. Their portrayal was both humorous and, may we say, life-like.

No play of village life is complete without its town gossip and Leura Haley as Mrs. Jennie Baldwin, with eight children, and no spare time, gossiped her way breezily through the play.

Roy Thompson as Uncle Matt McAllister raved and ranted as an uncle should at a worthless nephew, but he finally, like all uncles, repented and received his nephew with open arms.

Miss Farris deserves a great deal of credit for her work as coach and after all the credit for a successful amateur play rests upon the shoulders of the coach, and this play has been acclaimed the best one in years.

The play was followed by dancing until nearly one o'clock when the senior class by special arrangement succeeded in adding a fire to cap the evening's entertainment.

MUSIC

Under the direction of Mr. H. A. D. Hurd the chorus has continued its excellent work of preceding years. Because of the musical work in grammar schools the entering classes no longer have untrained voices, and as a result the greater part of the chorus has had from four to six years of practice. The success of this training is very evident from the many compliments received from the public.

On May 11, the chorus went to Lewiston to sing at the evening program of the state orchestra contest. The contest was held in Lewiston Armory, and although the building is one of the largest in the state our chorus was plainly heard and received much favorable comment. The alto section especially complimented. Mr. Hurd was appointed chairman of a committee to arrange for a choral contest next year, and we are sure that Fryeburg Academy will make a good showing.

CLYDE JOHNSON, '29.

Club Notes

VARSITY CLUB

The "F" Club, although a fairly new club on our campus, has not been found wanting this year.

Early in the fall the last year letter men elected Hugh Webster for their president, and "Hugh" has worked hard, long, and faithful to make the Club the success that it has been this year.

When the football and basketball seasons closed, they found, Cotton, Hancock, A. Walker, B. Walker, Glovin, Grey, Guptill, Solari, Johnson, Charles, Milliken, Cutler, Moulton,

Thompson, and Dow "anxiously" waiting to become members of the Club. They did not have to wait long—for the last year members immediately organized ways to "receive" the boys into the Club.

We all remember seeing A. Walker coming up from Brownfield with his clothes on backward. (I heard it rumored that the locals of Brownfield consider taking serious action on "A.") Then a few of the talented singers, not mentioning Solari's, Cotton's, Milliken's names of course, rendered a few solos of considerable note (various notes to be sure) in our local theatre. Incidentally, people, we are not through the work, for "Ken Bonney" has promised to wind up that part of the season. I have heard it said that Bonney could make a wonderful "Barker" at any show.

However, the Club has not taken its work all in the form of play, for already several times this year, it has given movies and dances to the satisfaction and delight of all. Incidentally, it would be well to state that the proceeds of these movies have been used to meet the expenses of the sweaters given to the new members. The Club is very grateful both to the school people and to the town folks, for the generous way they have met our efforts and we hope that you have received as much fun out of them as we have in giving these entertainments.

One more picture will be given this year and then the Club will bring to a close its social and business duties by sponsoring the annual Cabaret Ball. This ball promises to be one of the best times in this part of the state, and it is the earnest wish of every member of our Club that it be a financial and social success, as we plan it to be.

CIRCULUS LATINUS

Circulus Latinus in spite of its associations with a so-called dead language has had a prosperous and active year. The membership, consisting of the higher ranking students of the classics, now totals twenty.

Instead of trying to describe in a few meager sentences just what we have accomplished and the good times we have had, we shall print almost literally our write-ups which appeared in the Fryeburg Reporter.

October 3

A business meeting of the Circulus Latinus was held on October 3, at one o'clock to elect new officers for the year. The chairs are now filled as follows:

Consules	Clyde Johnson, Marjorie Moulton
Scriba	Mavis Fox
Quaestor	James Guptill
Aediles	Charlotte Wentworth, Chairman
	Charles Thurlow
	Osgood Pike, Jr.

October 8

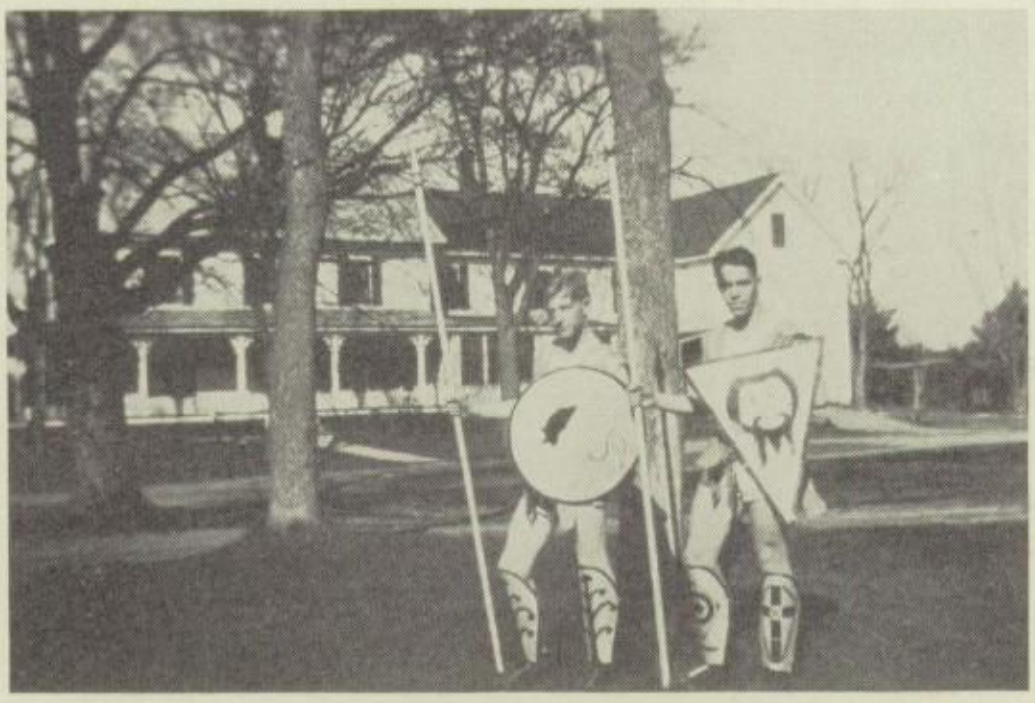
Every man knows that the Romans of old as well as the ones of Mussolini's day liked their food and plenty of it. Therefore, it did not appear unseemly that a staid company of Latin students should manifest the desire to partake in an out-of-door supper at Lovewell's Pond. Eastman's store was well patronized, and when the party gathered around the camp fire, plenty of good beef steak was in evidence—for a short time. As Caesar's soldiers, no doubt, told their yarns by the light of the roaring flames, so each member

came prepared to entertain his fellows with a story. Charles Thurlow won the acclaim of all with an impersonated skit of a court trial involving a divorce case. (They had divorces in Rome, you remember.)

The strange thing about this outing was the mode of transportation, automobiles; but this did not make any particular difference to the participants. After a meal like that, no one relished the thought of a hike back to campus. At a word from Miss Johnson all, willingly or otherwise, packed into the chariots and drove back to town. Little escapades of this type are always a source of pleasant recollections in days to come.

October 11

A short business meeting was called to discuss plans for initiation of new members.



October 21

A meeting of the Circulus Latinus was held on this date to plan for the initiation of the new members who were to come into the club.

Mavis Fox and James Guptill served refreshments while the members enjoyed a round-table discussion on various subjects.

Osgood Pike, Jr., Charlotte Wentworth, and Clyde Johnson were appointed to help four French Club members to plan for a joint Hallowe'en party of the two clubs.

Everyone was present except Marjorie Moulton.

December 3

The annual initiation meeting was held in the Assembly Hall.

The initiation was very effective. Various members of the club impersonated famous Romans. Clyde Johnson appeared as Virgil, Osgood Pike as Ovid, Charles Thurlow

as Cicero, and James Guptill as Caesar. The new members who performed various stunts for the benefit of the august assembly are as follows: Marion Barker, Herlene Seavey, Dora Jones, Dorothy McKeen, Betty Andrews, William Force, David Force, Gordon Cutler, John Hancock, Katherine Harnden, William Berry and Margaret Bell.

After the meeting refreshments were served and dancing, by the music of a radio kindly loaned to the Club by one of its members, was enjoyed. The meeting was a great success from the view point of both old and new members.

December 17

A joint meeting of the Circulus Latinus and Le Cercle Français was held at Academy Hall at 7:30 o'clock. The meeting consisted of a program in charge of the presidents of each club, Clyde Johnson of the Latin Club and Asa O. Pike, Jr., of the French Club, given by the members of both clubs. A brief history of the Latin and French Christmas was given by Charlotte Wentwórth of the Latin and Elizabeth Rundlett representing the French organization. A one-act play was presented by the Circulus Latinus with Gerard Groder and Davey Force in leading roles.

A large fireplace was arranged on the stage upon which everyone present hung his stocking. A visit by Santa Claus was then effected by John Hancock who brought a gift to fill each stocking. Games were played, and then dancing took place with the music by F. A. Merry Music Makers.

Refreshments of creamed tuna, hot rolls, dainty cakes and candy were served during the evening. The entertainment was under the direction of Miss Ruth Piper of the French Department and Miss Ruth Johnson of the Latin Department assisted by a very efficient committee: John Hancock, Helene Seavey, William Berry, and Ellen Wiley from Circulus Latinus; and James Guptill, Ruth Wiley, Marjorie Moulton and Charles Cotton from Le Cercle Français. The result was a very enjoyable affair.

February 11

Circulus Latinus observed Washington's Birthday at the regular meeting held in Academy Hall. Consul Marjorie Moulton conducted the business meeting. Each member responded to his name at the roll call with a Latin quotation. Then followed the literary program:

Te Cano Patria (America)	Club
Fidem Vexillo Meo (Flag salute)	Club
Invictus, by Henley	A. O. Pike, Jr.

The boys furnished the surprise of the evening with a radio sketch entitled "Messages to Young America." In

this Osgood Pike in his tall hat and swallow-tail coat appeared as Signor Mysterio to demonstrate his wonderful new radio invention which he claimed had the power to call messages from ancient times. Much to our surprise the Signor succeeded (although with much difficulty with interference and static) in tuning in on Rome of the first century B. C., station P. A. S. T., M. E. (William Force) announcing. Nero interrupted with his violin at the burning of Rome, but finally "Old Cis" (Charles Thurlow) could be heard declaiming vociferously against the "tempora et mores" Much good advice for F. A. Latin students he managed to advance before he "signed off."

Caesar (Clyde Johnson) then had his say, Caesar the orator, writer, soldier, and statesman. Like Gaul as a whole, all success is divided into three parts, said he,—and proceeded to explain to the accompaniment of sighs and groans from the sophomores.

It seemed very fitting that Georgius Washington (Davey Force) should next appear. Latin, he said, is America's cultural stairway to success and all good things of a fuller, more broadened view of our place in the great scheme of creation.

We wondered how our announcer managed to give us perfectly good time signals from Western Union, but in a program of this type who cares to explain?

This part of the evening's entertainment closed with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and Latin charades.

The refreshments consisted of camp rations (such as Caesar never heard of, or Washington at Valley Forge would have considered a repast of great delicacy). Self-served, self-made sandwiches and hot cocoa mysteriously appeared after the "army" had marched across the Rubicon several times (by forced marches).

March 4

The Club held its meeting in the Junior Room.

The entertainment was as follows:

A Life of Cincinnatus — John Hancock

A Skit on Cincinnatus

Cincinnatus	Davey Force
Wife of Cincinnatus	Marjorie Moulton
Lictor	William Force
Lictor	William Berry

The Napkin Act — Charlotte Wentworth

After the program games were played and the refreshments consisted of Eskimo Pies. The meeting broke up about 9:30.

April 15

At six o'clock on the evening of April 15 the members of Circulus Latinus participated in a "Magnum Iter" which to all who have traveled the maizes of Caesar's Gallic War will mean a "forced march." In this particular instance no soldier had to be driven, for curiosity and the nearness of the supper hour had the upper hand. The Alps proved to be no greater obstacles than the mud and snow of the side streets of Fryeburg. Appetites increased with exercise. At aedile Pike's, the company halted for refreshments. Hot soup never tasted better. Other stops increased the burdens but heightened anticipation. The final destination at Academy Hall revealed a collection of rations such as Caesar or his favorite tenth legion never realized.

Following the camp supper of sandwiches, doughnuts, pickles, cookies, and coffee, Davey Force with his saxophone, Charles Thurlow, banjo, Clyde Johnson and Gerard Groder alternating at the piano, and several amateur volunteers at the drums, furnished music for dancing until 9:45.

Plans are under way for a Roman Banquet which will bring the club program to a close for the year.

FRENCH CLUB

The French Club began its second year with a meeting at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Asa O. Pike, Jr., Vice President, Carolyn Gannon, Secretary and Treasurer, Roy Thompson.

This club is open to the second and third year French students, and the meetings have been held according to a rotation system with the two other clubs, each meeting being held on Monday evening.

Our aim in general is to promote interest in French as a living language and at the same time to add general knowledge of French life and customs to our class-room work.

At the various meetings we have put on short one-act plays and dialogues, sung French songs, and played our games in French.

On one of our social evenings the club took a snowshoe and ski hike to Jockey-Cap where we cooked hot-dogs over a blazing fire and returned to Academy Hall for games and dancing.

We joined with the Latin Club in celebrating Christmas, and the clubs sang carols in their original forms and

a member of each club explained how the holiday was celebrated both in France and in ancient Rome. Before the evening was over "Père Noel" arrived and gifts were distributed to the members present.

Did you realize we had a second Napoleon in our midst? You would not have doubted it if you had been at the meeting one night last winter when we devoted our meeting to this great French leader. When we were all assembled, Napoleon himself appeared and so accurate was the impersonation that we hardly stopped to think that it was really Roy Thompson who was playing the part. During the course of this evening the Marseilles was sung, as befitted the occasion, John Hancock read a thesis about Napoleon, and we discussed with the leader his various wars and exploits. I am sure we all felt better acquainted with him and his career after our evening.

These are a few of our typical meetings. During the spring we have omitted two of our regular meetings in order to devote our entire efforts to our French play which is by far our most worth while affair of the year.

"L'ENFANCE DE JEANNE D'ARC"

Wednesday evening, May 6, the French Club presented a two act play—"L'Enfance De Jeanne D'Arc." The play was given in the Assembly Room of Fryeburg Academy.

The following is a synopsis of each act.

The curtain parted on a scene in a forest, near the village of Domremy, where Joan of Arc and her companions used to play. Joan sits in the foreground, apparently lost in meditations concerning the safety of her beloved France against the English attacks. After her playmates have amused themselves in various ways, they form a circle around Joan and wake her from her reverie. She plays with her friends until it is time for them to leave for the village. But on their way back they encounter old Benoit, a crazy man, who begins to chase them.

They all rush back and gather around Joan for protection.

She tells them to have no fear, then she casts a spell on the old man and he slowly kneels at her feet. Shortly after she hears voices from heaven which tell her of her duty toward France.

The events of the second act occurred in the home of Jacques D'Arc, Joan's father.

The mother is preparing supper when the father, Pierre, and Edmond enter carrying a woman whom they found half starved and frozen. They lay her on a bench

before the fire place and Joan rushes to her aid. During supper the village priest brings them news of the peril of France. Everyone in the room has given up hope of saving his country except Joan.

She tells them that heavenly voices have spoken to her, urging her to save France. Her family is horrified and grieved by her actions but the old curate assures them that it is a loyal and unselfish sacrifice for Joan to make, that she must be the true savior of her country.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jacques D'Arc, le père ..... Charles Thurlow
Isabelle Romee, la mère ..... Ruth Wiley
Leurs enfants
Pierre ..... Farnham Brooks
Jeanne ..... Marjorie Moulton
Petite Soeur ..... Hallie Hicks
Edmond ..... Osgood Pike, Jr.
Hauviette ..... Charlotte Wentworth
Mengette ..... Carolyn Gannon
Marianique ..... Elizabeth Rundlett
Luce ..... Eleanor Chase
Catherine ..... Maxine Clemons
Vieux Benoit, un fou ..... James Guptill
Une Mendiante ..... Leura Haley
Le Curé ..... Clyde Johnson

Miss Piper, our French teacher carefully coached and instructed us in our acting and pronunciation. The costumes and scenery truly represented the village of Domremy during the period of Joan's childhood.

Each member of the cast fitted his part well but Marjorie Moulton, as Joan, should receive great praise for her interpretation of her part.

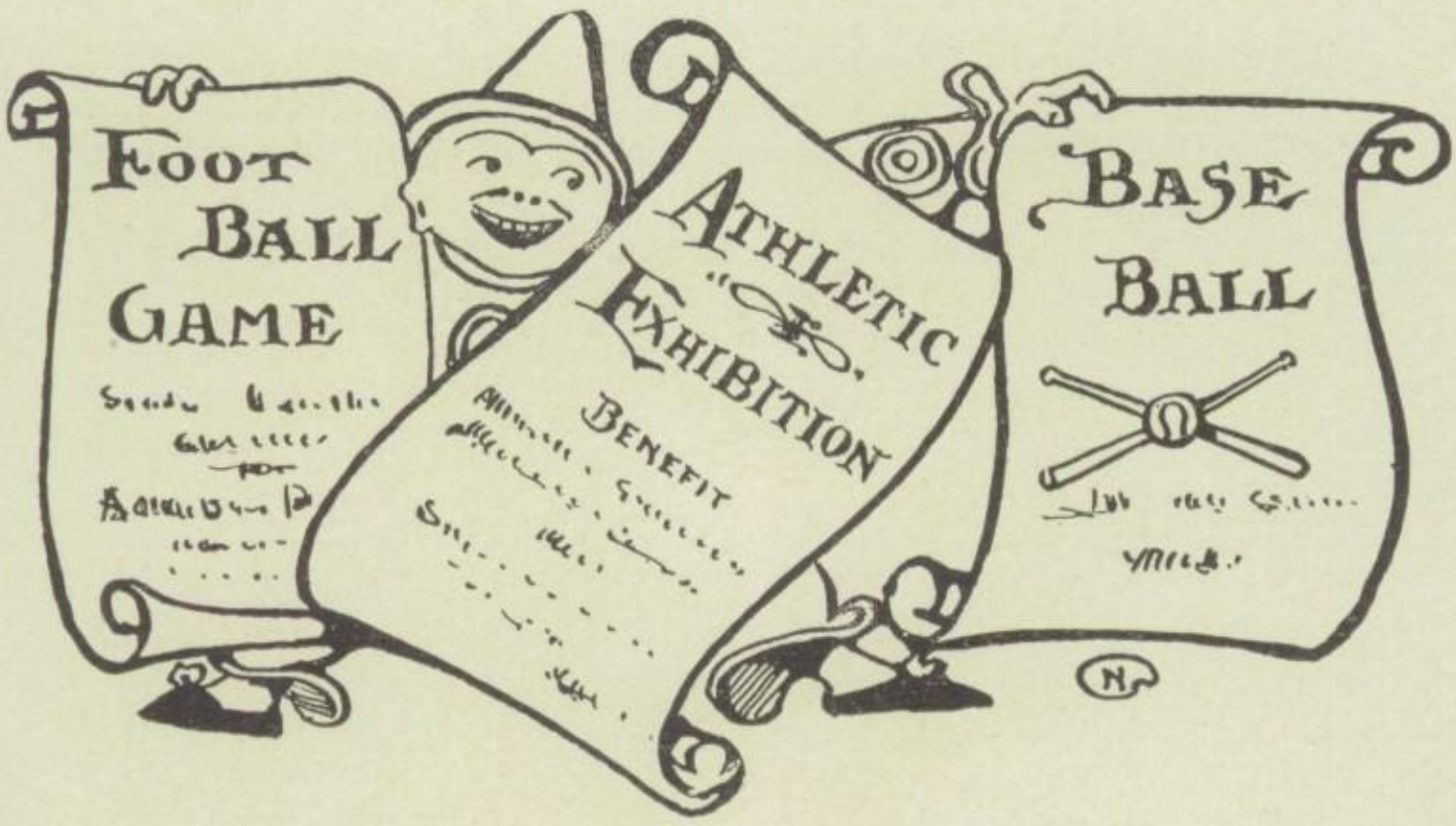
Through the settings of the play and the arranging of costumes the students have learned about French life at this period as they could in no other way. We appreciate the work of James Merrill, Linwood Seavey, and Foster Crowell because it was their efforts that made our effective settings possible. I believe the club as a whole feels that the time and effort put in the play has been worth while.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club has certainly had a progressive year under the expert management of Miss Smart and our able president, Russell McLaughlin. The number of members enrolled is over forty, which is a great increase over last year.

Mr. Pike and Coach Anketell gave instructive and interesting lectures at the regular meetings.

A hot-dog roast at Lovewell's Pond was planned, and to finish the year there is to be a banquet at the Ye Olde Inn.



FOOTBALL

Coach Anketell called out the football candidates the first day of school and started them on their way. The squad consisted of about thirty men, with several of last year's letter men.

The first game of the season was played with Bridgton Academy at the Fryeburg Fair Grounds. Bridgton proved to be too strong for F. A., as the score, 36-0, shows.

October 6 we played Cheverus Classical High School of Portland, who defeated us 12-6. This was a very interesting game for both teams were fighting very hard.

On October 13 the game with Berwick Academy, at Berwick, resulted in a tie score. However, the game was not as close as the score would signify, which may be judged by the fact that Fryeburg gained twenty-one first downs to Berwick's three. H. "Nut" Ballard starred for Fryeburg, with his famous line plunges nearly always gaining ground.

We played our next game at home on October 20, with Bridgton High. Foster starred for Bridgton, while Fryeburg, in the person of H. "Nut" Ballard, displayed some fine line plunges, and Pete Ballard's end-runs were the features of the game. Pete finally "broke loose" for fair to make a touchdown, giving F. A. the victory, 6-0.

The following Saturday we played Hebron Reserves at Fryeburg. This was a very hard-fought game, but the jinx was with us and we lost to a score of 6-0.

The next and last game of the season was with the Bowdoin Freshmen, at Brunswick. The F. A. boys played

a different brand of football than they had been playing as the result will show. Through this brand of football, the undefeated Bowdoin Freshmen had to be satisfied with one touchdown.

It was a decided blow to the squad to lose Perkins who was injured early in the season. He was the best bet for the back field and a veteran player.

TEAM		SUBSTITUTES
L. E.	Cotton	Gray
L. T.	Blake	Guptill
L. G.	Glovin	Stearns
C.	W. Walker	Merrill
R. G.	A. Walker	Fehlandt
R. T.	Webster	Dennett
R. E.	Milliken—Charles	Moulton
R. H. B.	P. Ballard	Andrews
L. H. B.	Hancock—Thompson	Thurlow
Q. B.	Pike—Solari	Cutler
F. B.	N. Ballard	R. Walker

BASKET BALL

Captain McLaughlin — Coach Anketell

This year Coach Anketell had five of last year's letter men back for their *last* year of Basket Ball at F. A. At the first call for Basket Ball men there were thirty volunteers. The first week of practice was mostly condition work, and then came the real stuff.

LINE-UP		SUBSTITUTES
R. F.	McLaughlin, Capt.	Emerson
L. F.	Cotton	Pike
C.	Cutler	Walker, W.
R. F.	Perkins	Brewer
L. F.	Ballard	Walker, A.
		Clemons
		Blake
		Charles

Our first game was with our Alumni, in which the Alumni were defeated, but only by a small score of 27-24.

One week later we had our first school game which was with the strong Hebron team. This was a fast game from start to finish, resulting in a victory for Hebron, 37-33.

The third game of the season was played in our gym, with Milton, who played a good game, but were really outclassed. During the last half of the game the second team men saw action. The score was 45-28.

Our next game was with Bridgton High School, resulting in another victory for F. A. At no time during this game did Bridgton seem dangerous. Some of the second team also saw action in this game. The score was 39-28.

Soon after our Christmas vacation Kezar Falls Boys' Club played us at our gym. This game was quite rough, nevertheless F. A. proved to be the better team and won by a large score, 74-21.

The next game of the season was with the hard-fighting Cheverus team. This game was very fast. We were greatly handicapped in this game since our Captain was unable to play his regular position. Cheverus took the honors by a score of 39-22.

One week later we went to Harrison to meet the strong Bridgton Academy team. We were defeated by a score of 49-31. Captain McLaughlin was also unable to play in this game.

Maine School of Commerce then came to our gym to defeat us by only a small score. This was the best game of the season because both teams were so evenly matched. At the end of the four periods the score was tied 31-31, therefore an over-time period was necessary in which M. S. of C. scored one basket. The score was 33-31.

Our next and last game of the season was our return game with Bridgton Academy. It resulted in a victory for Bridgton. However, the score of this game was closer than our first game with them. The score was 38-33.

Because of a great deal of sickness many of the games had to be cancelled, thus was our basket ball season somewhat broken up.

BASEBALL

Baseball candidates were called out the first of April and the material looks very promising for a good season. The schedule is as follows:

April

Wednesday, April 17—Bridgton Academy at North Bridgton
Wednesday, April 24—Hebron Reserves at Fryeburg
Saturday, April 27—Berwick Academy at South Berwick

May

Wednesday, May 1—Open
Saturday, May 4—Bridgton High School at Bridgton
Wednesday, May 8—Hebron Reserves at Hebron
Wednesday, May 15—Gorham High School at Fryeburg
Saturday, May 18—Open
Tuesday, May 21—Bridgton Academy at Fryeburg
Thursday May 23—Open
Monday May 27—Brewster Academy at Fryeburg
Wednesday, May 29—Bridgton High School at Fryeburg

June

Saturday, June 1—Open
Wednesday, June 5—Brewster Academy at Wolfeboro
Standish Second Team at Fryeburg
Saturday, June 8—Berwick Academy at Fryeburg

TRACK

Now that spring is here again one hears both the spatting of the "horse hide" and the patting of feet down the track.

As the track season rolls in on us we find Fryeburg in a more hopeful light than ever before.

Under Coach's watchful eye such men as Milliken, Cotton, Seavey, Pete Ballard, Clemons, Hancock, "Blackie," Illingworth, and a score of new men are developing fast.

It looks as if the fleet-footed boys of the "blue and white" are in for a good season. Incidentally they have everything to work for, and every night we find them hard at work "preping" for the following schedule:

U. of N. H. at Durham	May 11
Norway at Fryeburg	May 16
U. of Maine at Orono	May 25
Bates at Lewiston	June 8

Girls' Athletics

Fryeburg Academy
Fryeburg, Maine
October 30, 1928

Dear Marie,

You said in your last letter that you would like to hear something about our girls' athletics before making up your mind to come to Fryeburg. I am going to try, therefore, to keep you well informed.

Our field hockey season is just over, and it was a grand success. I wish you might have seen our team in action. The team played six games and lost but two. Both games were lost to Mexico High, who certainly had a fast and experienced team. Our other games were with Bridgton Academy and Berwick Academy. Mrs. Howard was coach and Miss Piper assistant coach. Both deserve much credit, for they put in a great deal of time and hard work.

The lineup was as follows:

R. W.	Ruth Pratt
R. I.	Frances Heard
C.	Betty Rundlett
L. I.	Herlene Seavey
L. W.	Margaret Harmon
R. H. B.	Eleanor Chase
C. H. B.	Captain Charlotte Wentworth
L. H. B.	Manager Marian Gilman
R. F. B.	Priscilla Wilkinson
L. F. B.	Thelma Rowe
G.	Carolyn Gannon

The substitutes were: Irma Fehlandt, Zelma Abbott, Marion Barker, Audrey Pendexter, Mary Sampson, Ellen Wiley, and Helen Ballard.

Fifteen of the girls won their letters, and they surely deserved them.

Well, more anon.

Love,
Marjorie

Fryeburg Academy
Fryeburg, Maine
November 1928

Dear Marie,

Yes, we play volley ball here but I forgot to mention it to you in my last letter, I had so many things to tell you.

Our volley ball schedule this year was not very large, as it included only one game with Westbrook Community Club, but we won that. Everyone was so busy elsewhere that no one had time to coach us. So the team coached itself, and it did not do so badly even at that!

The regular lineup was: Captain Leura Haley, Manager Ruth Eastman, Emily Mulford, Marjorie Moulton, Leah McIntire and Olive Kimball.

Our very capable substitutes were Arlene Blake, Marian Head and Elsie Hill.

Don't forget to remember me when you do your letter writing.

As ever,
Marjorie

Fryeburg Academy
Fryeburg, Maine
March 1929

Dear Marie:

I should really be studying Latin but I must write you about basketball as we just won the last game of the season.

We opened our schedule by playing Bridgton Academy at North Bridgton. We lost the game. Our next game was Bridgton High at Fryeburg. They won by three points. We played the return game with Bridgton Academy at our gym. We won. February we played Waynflete at Fryeburg and won! But alas we next went to Gorham and Oh goodness, how they did run away with us! To make bad matters worse we lost the return game with Bridgton High. March 2, we went to Portland to play Waynflete. We had a fine time but lost the game. We played our last game this afternoon with Gorham and won. It certainly made us feel better after the score at Gorham.

Please do not judge our team harshly just because we won only a few games. The girls all played their best and were fine sports whether we won or lost.

Our regular lineup was:

R. F. Marjorie Moulton (Captain)
L. F. Emily Mulford (Manager)
C. Ellen Wiley
S. C. Charlotte Wentworth
R. G. Ruth Marston
L. G. Carolyn Gannon

We had some fine substitutes. They certainly made us work to keep our places. They were: Frances Heard, Betty Andrews, Annie Bemis, Thelma Rowe, Herlene Seavey, Helen Ballard, Audrey Pendexter, and Priscilla Wilkinson.

We had class basketball this year. The Seniors won.

The Freshmen had a good little team and came in second place.

Well, "enough said."

Sincerely,

Marjorie

Mr. Larrabee: "What is the breast of a bird used for?"
Binford: "The propeller."

Mr. LaCasce (To Johnson standing by Betty Rundlett's desk): "Sit down, Johnson."
C. J. Johnson: "There isn't room."

Coach: "Turn around Johnson. When you've lived as long as I have, you'll learn you haven't a ghost of a show with two women."

SPEAKING OF WEDDING ANIVERSITIES

Thelma Rowe (Misunderstanding): "My father's is in May and my mother's in July."

Bonney translating: "Une longue promenade à cheval, dans la foret—A long walk on horseback in the woods."

Miss Johnson in morning exercises: "The poem I am going to read this morning is the 'Fool's Prayer.' Possibly some of you are familiar with it."

HEARD IN HISTORY

What is the Supreme Law of the land?"
Carl Johnson: "Woman Suffrage."

"What is the predominating party?"
Charles Thurlow: "Petting Party."

Coach: "What do people get from the North Sea?"
Zelma Abbott: "Fish."

Mr. Larrabee (in Commercial Geography): "What is the income tax?"

Arline Blake: "Tax on imports."

Coach (substitute Geography Teacher): "What sails out of Liverpool?"

Thelma Rowe: "Ships."

Thurlow: "I've discovered what causes dew."

Clyde Johnson: "Yes?"

Thurlow: "Yep. It must be that the earth rotates and revolves so fast that it sweats."

NEW ANIMAL

Miss Farris (explaining trigonometry): "You see on the right-hand page is a complete table of *mantitters* (mantissa).

BIG RUSH

Emerson (dashing into office 10 minutes late): "May I have an admit slip, please?"

Coach: "You'll have to give some excuse if you can't get to school on time."

Emerson: "Well, you see I had some very hot soup for dinner, and I had to be a long time eating it."

IN HISTORY

Mister (explaining duties of the President of U. S.): "Can you name some Minister appointed by the President?"

Bill Gannon: "Mr. Wild."

TOO CRUEL

Brewer (in a fit of anger): "I'll dash your brains out with a cream puff!"

Cutler (to Bertha Rogers): "Your teeth are like the stars, they come out at night!"

Milliken (in trigonometry): "What is infinity, Miss Farris?"

Miss Farris: "Infinity is where you were during class yesterday."

HEARD IN SCIENCE

Mr. Larrabee: "What would you get if you mixed red and yellow."

"Red" Sampson (brilliantly): "Green!"

A FEW EXPLANATIONS

1. Seizure—around the neck.
2. Brevity—kicked out by papa.
3. Strategy—approach by back door.
4. Statistics—killed and wounded.
5. Permissible—mamma says you can.
6. Diversion—talk about the weather.
7. Terminal—11.30 P. M.
8. Pessimist—the kid brother.

HEARD IN EUROPEAN HISTORY CLASS

Coach: "Blackie, do you know how many grades of mohair there are? I want to cover a living-room set."

Blackie: "We wonder *why!*"

HEARD IN U. S. HISTORY

Jailbird?

Mister: "What do we mean by liberty?"

Skinny: "Well—when anyone is allowed to come and go as they please."

Mister: "Not exactly—It means not to be put in jail."

Skinny: "Well that is what I was coming to."

Mister: "Is there a gold dollar?"

Tommy: "I think I have seen one, but I didn't know what it was made of."

Mister: "Who are the ministers that the President elects?"

Bill Gannon: "Well—Like Mr. Wild."

Mister: "How much is the salary of the entire legislature in your state?"

Tommy: "$89600. and I added a 2c war tax."

NOR DOES HE CARE "WHY"

Mister: "Where do you get the worst roads between here and Conway?"

Skinny: "Do you mean Conway or North Conway?"

Mister: "I don't care where you go."

Mister: "The roads are worse in Maine."

Skinny: "Oh! They are twice as *worst* in New Hampshire."

OUR IDEA OF THINGS

Civil War—Freshmen vs. Seniors.
Income Tax—Class Dues.
America, a World Power—Seniors.
Boston Massacre—Freshmen Social.
Protective Tariff—Athletic Dues.
French Revolution—French I, II, III, vs. Miss Piper.
Reign of Terror—Before Exams.

Thirteen Original Colonies (students) *of the Class of '29*

Clyde Johnson
Ruth Wiley
Evelyn Baker
Ruth Eastman
Geraldine Giles
Esther Peterson
Charles Thurlow
Edmund Emerson
Carl Johnson
Harold Eastman
Leura Haley
Thelma Rowe
Milton Illingworth

LOST	RETURN TO
A football	Our men
Voice	"Bill"
That blush	Ruth Wiley
Bashfulness	Miriam
Being quiet	"Jerry"
Her neatness	"Minnie"
His flivver	"Skinny"
Homework	The students
Nothing much	"Lindy"
Natural curls	Esther
Wise cracks	"Tommy," "Doc"
His height	Bonney
Her dog	Audrey
Chewing gum	The whole town
Soft voice	Ruth Wiley
Curly hair	Blackie
Kindness	The teachers
Flirting	Thelma Lord
His brains	Clyde
Dependability	"Teddy"
Silence	The boys

S—E—N—I—O—R—S

Twenty-eight seniors visiting the Tavern
Blackie turned assistant cook,
Then—there were twenty-seven.

Twenty-seven seniors, eating all Blackie would fix,
Bonnie ate a pickle too much,
And left—twenty-six.

Twenty-six seniors, attempting to survive
Tommy kicked the bucket,
Mourners—twenty-five.

Twenty-five seniors, trying to eat more,
Mattapan tipped overboard
Leaving twenty-four.

Twenty-four seniors, thinking it a spree,
Squeaky drank a drop too much,
Left—twenty-three.

Twenty-three seniors, wondering what to do,
Bill Gannon struck a plan,
Left—twenty-two.

Twenty-two seniors, out for some fun,
Priscilla slapped Shiek
Left—twenty-one.

Twenty-one seniors, all eaten aplenty,
Carl left the class,
Then there were twenty.

Twenty huskie seniors, (none fit to be seen)
Loppy shot a basket,
Left—nineteen.

Nineteen seniors, watched by a dean,
Skinnie slipped out of sight
Leaving—eighteen.

Eighteen seniors, thought it mighty mean,
Bill Walker got brain fever
Left—seventeen.

Seventeen seniors, all pretty keen
Nora found a new beau,
Left—sixteen.

Sixteen seniors, on a river did coreen
Esther fell overboard,
Left—fifteen.

Fifteen seniors, happiness supreme,
Doc married Dora
Left—fourteen.

Fourteen seniors, going down a ravine
Eli reached the bottom first
Left—thirteen.

Thirteen seniors, not one elf
Ruth Pratt came the nearest
Left only twelve.

Twelve haughty seniors, talking about heaven,
Priscilla got disgusted
Leaving only eleven.

Eleven seniors, all discussing men
Evelyn eloped
Remainder—ten.

Ten lonesome seniors, fishing with a line,
Emily caught Duddy,
Fishers—only nine.

Nine senior fishers, all looking for bait
Ruth Wiley saw an angleworm
Left—only eight.

Eight adventurous seniors, exploring a cavern
Thelma fell into it,
Left—sober seven.

Seven huskie seniors, putting in "dry-licks"
Geraldine ran too fast
Leaving behind—six.

Six breathless seniors, at school did arrive
Avis studied—Oh! So hard.
Left studying—studious five.

Five studious seniors, not a one more
Ruth Eastman returned to Stowe
Left—lugubrious four.

Four important seniors, seeing what they could see
Charlotte strained her eyes
Left—just three.

Just three seniors, wondering what to do
Leura got homesick
Leaving only two.

Two sad seniors, not having any fun,
Marjorie grabbed Jimmy
Left—only one.

One solemn senior, remaining all alone,
Clyde went to college,
Left.... well ....none.

LEURA HALEY, '29.

FAVORITE SONGS OF THE SENIORS

Emily Mulford—"A Bungalow, a Radio, and You."
Charlotte Wentworth—"I Want to Be Bad."
Ruth Wiley—"Comin' Thru The Rye."
Marjorie Moulton—"When You and I Were Seventeen."
Kenneth Bonney—"She's a Great, Great Girl."
Roy Thompson—"Ten Little Miles From Town."
Harold Eastman—"All By Myself In The Moonlight."
Nora McAlister—"Red Hot Mama."
Clyde Johnson—"Little Brown Jug."
Carl Johnson—"And Then Came The Dawn."
Elwin Moulton—"Poor Papa."
Milton Illingworth—"Changes."
Carolyn Gannon—"That's My Weakness Now."
Priscilla Wilkinson—"Don't Be Like That."
Charles Glovin—"Black Eyes, Can't You Hear Me Calling."
William Walker—"Crazy Rhythm."
Edmund Emerson—"Memories Of France."
Russell McLaughlin—"That Precious Little Thing Called Love."
Ruth Eastman—"Paradise."
Avis Lamont—"Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals."
Geraldine Giles—"Just Another Day Wasted Away."
Ruth Pratt—"Drifting and Dreaming."
Thelma Rowe—"Who Stole My Sweetheart?"
Evelyn Baker—"What About Me."
Leura Haley—"Sonny Boy."
Charles Thurlow—"Why Don't My Dreams Come True?"
Esther Peterson—"Where's The Song For Me?"
Donald Dow—"You're A Real Sweetheart."

TARDINESS

This year there has been a number of students who have formed the habit of coming in late. This seems to be one of our "biggest weaknesses now."

It is said that we go to school to be trained to do as we shall have to do when we are in business of some kind. I am sure that we would not plan to be late every morning or noon to our work, so let us try to see if we can have less tardiness for this next quarter.

Here are some of the slips which the teachers have received during the school year:

Emerson had hot soup for lunch, therefore he could not get back on time. Such an excuse deserves full credit.

COACH

Please admit.

Admit 3 Juniors in poor condition. EOL.

Admit C. J. Johnson 9.00 A. M. (N. B. the careful date.) EOL.

Groder: Please accept *this* with my compliments. EOL.

RUTH EASTMAN, '29.

Alumni Notes

Class of 1928

Pauline Adams—Living at home in Oakfield, Maine.

Randolph Andrews—Attending Maine School of Commerce, Portland, Maine.

Leon Ballard—Taking a Post Graduate course at Fryeburg Academy.

Hubert Blake—Taking a Post Graduate course at Fryeburg Academy.

Edward Buzzell—Attending University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Esther Charles—Living at her home in North Chatham, New Hampshire.

Helen Eastman—Attending Maine School of Commerce, Portland, Maine.

Elizabeth Hill—Attending Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine.

Lorin Hurd—Working in Madison, New Hampshire.

Doryce Ingalls—Living at home in South Portland, Maine.

Eleanor Lane—Attending Colby Academy, Junior College, New Hampshire.

Robert Littlefield—Working in New York State.

Phyllis Marston—Stenographer for Clifford Eastman, Fryeburg, Maine.

Edward Meyers—Attending University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire.

Ruth Mills—Attending Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine.

Edna Nowlin—Living at Boston, Mass.

Dudley Perkins—Taking a Post Graduate course at Fryeburg Academy.

Esther Pike—Attending Skidmore College, New York.

Margaret Pratt—Attending Gray's Business College, Portland, Maine.

Kenneth Small—At home in Chatham, New Hampshire.

Lillian Smith—At home in Green Hill, New Hampshire.

Olive Station—Attending Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine.

Class of 1927

Mrs. Chester Heath (nee Esther Baker)—Teaching school at Cook's Mills, Casco, Maine.

Lucille Ballard—Training for nurse at Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Jeddie Grover (nee Beatrice Bemis)—At home in Lovell, Maine.

Marcia Berry—Attending Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

Eleanor Bowie—At home in Hiram, Maine.

Elwin Brooks—At home in Brownfield, Maine.

Mrs. Floyd Whitehouse (nee Grace Bryan)—At home in Sweden, Maine.

Florence Bryant—Working at Fryeburg Center, Maine.

Brooks Eastman—Attending Bowdoin College.

Philip Ela—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.

Ruth Ela—Working as stenographer at Box Mill, Fryeburg, Maine.

Mary Grover—At home in Lovell, Maine.

Beatrice Haley—Working at the bank in Bridgton, Maine.

Mrs. Linley D. Peaco (nee Pearl Haley)—Living at Oxford, Maine.

Vera Hamscom—Working at a bank in Portland, Maine.

Averil Harnden—Attending Art School, Portland, Maine.

Gladys Heald—Attending Gorham Normal School.

Gordon Heard—At home in Intervale, New Hampshire.

Charles Hill—At home in South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Leura Hill—At home in South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Mildred Hill—Working at Portland, Maine.

Nellie Littlefield—At home in Lovell, Maine.

Donald McKeen—

Mrs. Jere Steady (nee Ruth Peterson)—Living at home, Berlin, New Hampshire.

Helen Pike—Attending University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Theodore Pottle—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.

Ronald Shaw—At home in Casco, Maine.

Stanley Quinn—Attending Boston University.

Gladys Steves—Training in Morriss Memorial Hospital, Whitefield, N. H.

Beatrice Thompson—Working in the bank, Conway, New Hampshire.

Anna Tilly—Training at Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles, California.

Roger Wardsworth—Attending Theological School at Bangor.

William Walker—At home in Stoneham, Maine.

Philip Webb—Married and working at Casco, Maine.

Class of 1926

Mrs. Caroll Haley (nee Evelyn Hall)—Living at West Fryeburg, Maine.

Delbert Bosworth—Attending Wentworth Institute, Boston, Mass.

Daphine Barker—Teaching at Jay, Maine.

Guy Whitiker—Express man, Fryeburg, Maine.

Norman Blake—At State Hospital, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. Harold Kiesman (nee Dorothy Haley)—Stenographer for A. O. Pike, Fryeburg, Maine.

Ethel Hall—Stenographer at Perkins and Pendexter Garage, Fryeburg, Maine.

Robert Smith—Attending Harvard College.

Eva Eastman—At home in Stow, Maine.

Lawrence Eastman—At home in Stow, Maine.

Ruth Shaw—Attending Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

Lewis Merrill—Working in Portland, Maine.

Phila Kendall—Taking a course in Beauty Culture, Portland, Maine.

Hollis Farris—Working for Perkins and Pendexter, Fryeburg Maine.

Ruth Bell—Stenographer at Conway Motor Company, Conway, New Hampshire.

Stephen Andrews—Died June 16, 1928.

Viola Bowker—Attending Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

Edson Keefe—At home in Farmington, Maine.

Mrs. Tom Smith (nee Doris Harvey)—Living at North Fryeburg, Maine.

Robert Davis—At home in Jackson, New Hampshire.

Sarah Stearns—Attending Bay Path Institute.

Helen Baker—Living at home in Fryeburg Center, Maine.

Nils Soderstrom—Living in Concord, New Hampshire.

Class of 1925

Roger Ballard—Working in Plainville, Connecticut.

Mrs. Roger Dinsmore (nee Ida Pratt)—At home in Jackson, New Hampshire.

Edgar Grover—At home in Lovell, Maine.

Mariner Thompson—Attending University of Maine.

Mrs. Stone (nee Martha Irish)—Living in Lovell, Maine.

Class of 1925

Robert Moulton—Attending University of Maine.

Leah Ridlon—At home in Baldwin, Maine.

Carl Webster—At home in East Conway, New Hampshire.

Elizabeth Head—At home in South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Clifford Hill—Taking an Undertaker's Course at Boston, Mass.

Noyes Shirley—Attending University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Mrs. Willis Hewey (nee Arlene Webster)—Living in Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Wilfred Frechette (nee Arlene Sargent)—Living in Conway, New Hampshire.

Chester Keefe—Working at Grand Trunk Railway, Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Clarence Potter (nee Emma Marston)—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.

Leonard Buzzell—Attending University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Lyman S. Gray—Attending University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Mrs. Lawson Bradeen (nee Ruth Gaffner)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Class of 1924

Earle Adams—At home in Oakfield, Maine.

Mrs. Marcus Stearns (nee Esther Allard)—At home in Lovell, Maine.

Ernest Blake—In Conway, New Hampshire.

Doris Bragdon—At Hartford Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Shirley Benson—At home in Fryeburg Harbor, Maine.

Katherine Bailey—Working at Shloshberg, Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Lewis Walker (nee Kathleen Douglas)—At home, East Fryeburg, Maine.

Lawrence Gray—Attending University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Theodore Houston—At home in Penacook, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Charles Cherry (nee Louise Head)—Living in South Carver, Mass.

Myron Keefe—Working in Portland, Maine.

Vera Lombard—At home in Hiram, Maine.

Edward Leadbeater—Attending Bowdoin College.

Joel Leadbeater—Working in a store at Alexandria, Virginia.

Mrs. Charles Merrill (nee Oriole McIntire)—Living at Intervale, N. H.

Leona McIntire—Working in Post Office, Fryeburg, Maine.

Helena McAllister—At home in Lovell, Maine.

Mrs. Mildred Sanborn (nee Leona Pike)—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.

Brewster Page—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.

Amelia Sanborn—At home in East Fryeburg, Maine.

Stuart Stanley—At home in Fryeburg Harbor, Maine.

Charles Thurston—Living at North Fryeburg, Maine.

Paul Wadsworth—Attending University of Maine.

Class of 1923

Alice Ballard—Teaching school at Bethel, Maine.

Forrest Blake—At Brownfield, Maine.

Wallace Blake—At State Highway Department, Augusta, Maine.

Dorothy Bragdon—At Shawsheen Manor, Shawsheen Village, Andover, Mass.

Percy Burnell—Working in the bank at Fryeburg, Maine.

James Buzzell—Attending University of Maine. (Football Captain; Class President '29)

Mrs. Harold Thurston (nee Ida Charles)—Living at North Fryeburg, Maine.

Raymond Cotton—Working at Hiram, Maine.

Wright Cousins—At home in Portland, Maine.

Kenneth Davis—Living at Jackson, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Clifford Hill (nee Mary Eastman)—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.

Charles Harmon—Living at Lovell, Maine.

Mrs. Stuart Stanley (nee Esther Haley)—Living at Fryeburg Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. Jean Martin (nee Rachel Heath)—Living at West Fryeburg, Maine.

Norris Hill—At home in Green Hill, New Hampshire.

Mrs. R. E. Churchill (nee Marguerite Marston)—Living at Kezar Falls, Maine.

Wendell Ridlon—Living at Baldwin, Maine.

Gladys Stevens—At home in Portland, Maine.

Lillian Swan—At home in Rochester, New Hampshire.

Margaret Wadsworth—Teaching school in Monmouth, Maine.

Floyd Warren—At home in Hiram, Maine.

Merwyn Woodward—Attending University of Maine.

Clifford Kimball—In Lovell, Maine.

Mrs. Fred Fernald (nee Lyndall Flint)—At South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Class of 1922

Francis Buzzell—Living at Fryeburg Center, Maine.

Olive Ballard—Working in Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Roy Abbott (nee Geraldine Mason)—Living in Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Earl Shirley (nee Ethel Webster)—Living at East Conway, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Frank Stearns (nee Doris Chandler)—Living at Lovell, Maine.

Clarence Haley—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

LaForrest Horton—Working in Portland, Maine.

Class of 1921

Harold Eastman—Chemistry teacher at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

John Farrington—At Florida.

Mrs. Merton Bell (nee May Charles)—Living at Fryeburg Center, Maine.

Harry Eastman—Working in Fryeburg, Maine.

Henry Hurlin—Working in Springfield, Mass.

Class of 1920

Wellington Charles—Working in Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Charles Weeman (nee Ethel Andrews)—Living at Littleton, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Herbert Marshall (nee Sarah Hutchins)—A nurse in Portland.

Earl Osgood—Third selectman at Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Robert Thompson (nee Frances Kenerson)—Living at North Conway, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Frank Barrett (nee Dorothy Home)—Working in Keene, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Verna Evans Fowler—At home in Hiram, Maine.

Rupert Johnson—Principal of Standish High.

Gwendolyn Brackett—Working at Fryeburg, Maine.

Arthur Hodsdon—Working at Fryeburg, Maine.

Harold Moulton—Working at Airway Company, Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Lester Hammond (nee Blanche Small)—Living in Hiram, Maine.

Class of 1919

Lorin Howe—Working in Portland, Maine.

Hersey Webb—Living in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Sherman Allen (nee Mildred Merrill)—In Dundee, New Hampshire.

Hazel Moody—Living at Jackson, New Hampshire.

Benjamin Blake—In Bartlett, New Hampshire.

Mortezuma Blake—Working in Bridgton, Maine.

Mrs. Robert Vallarino (nee Dorothy Coleman)—Who has been living in Hong Kong, China, is now in Panama. Her husband, who was Consul General of Panama to Hong Kong, has been transferred to Panama, where they will make their home.

James Maxwell Evans—Working in Bridgton, Maine.

Class of 1918

Earl Shirley—Living at East Conway, New Hampshire.

Harold Wentworth—Deceased.

Mrs. Wendall McAllister (nee Helen Haley)—Living at Bridgton, Maine.

Warren Haley—Living in Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Warren Haley (nee Georgie Nichols)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Helen Stickney—Teaching at Castine Normal School.

Lyman Ela—Working in the Post Office, Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Ernest Philbrick (nee Emily Walker)—In Manchester, New Hampshire.

Class of 1917

Paul Marston—Attending a Medical College in Vermont.

Merle Abbott—Working at Fryeburg, Maine.

Robert Hicks—In Sacremento, California.

John Garland—Living at Conway Corner, New Hampshire.

John Sargent—Postmaster at Fryeburg, Maine.

Arlene Marston—At Brownfield, Maine.

Mrs. Leonard Woodbury (nee Margery McIntire)—Living at Sebago, Maine.

Class of 1918

Earle Webb—Living at Bartlett, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Alfred W. Benton (nee Margaret Kenerson)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. George Anderson (nee Anne Hutchins)—Living at South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Elizabeth Hall—Living at Suffon, New York.

Mrs. Robert Clark (nee Arline Hutchins)—At Orono, Maine.

Walter Barker—Living at Farmington, Maine.

Raymond Irish—Living at East Conway, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Percival Kenerson (nee Aroline Jewett)—Living at West Fryeburg, Maine.

Leon Shirley—Living at Conway, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Leon Shirley (nee Marjorie Locke)—Living at Conway, New Hampshire.

Elloy James Hicks—Is working on the U. S. S. Aroostook, a ship assigned to the Battle Fleet and belongs to the force of Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet.

On entering the navy he took up the yeoman branch of work. Now he is what is called "Captain's Writer" of secretary to the captain.

The U. S. S. Aroostook is making a trip to Panama after which there will be no more cruising until 1930.

Roy C. Evans—Working in Post Office, East Hiram, Maine.

Mrs. Leonard Seavey (nee Hazel Howe)—Teaching in Junior High at Rye, New Hampshire.

Class of 1914

Harry Charles—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Clifton Hill—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Herbert A. D. Hurd—Teaching music at Fryeburg, Maine.

Dr. James E. Vance—Practicing in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. John Kerr (nee Bertha Warren)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Lester Jackson (nee Gertrude Mansfield)—Living in Amesbury, Mass.

Merle Pitman—Living at South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Clyde Pendexter (nee Ruth Eastman)—Living at Parsonsfield, Maine.

Roy Hill—Principal of Barrington High School, Barrington, Rhode Island.

Fred Kimball—Living at Lovell, Maine.

Nellie Webster—Teaching school at Springvale, Conn.

Nellie Blake—In Bridgton, Maine.

Class of 1913

Dr. Lathrop Dyer—Practicing in Berlin, New Hampshire.

Hester Eastman—Teaching school at Auburn.

Robert Flint—Living at North Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Ralph Wentworth (nee Marion Haley)—Living at Jackson, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Walter LaRock (nee Bertha Merserve)—Living at Conway Center, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Arte J. Fairbanks (nee Agnes May Ballard)—Living in Springfield, Vermont.

Class of 1912

Edna Charles—Nursing in New York.

Mrs. Everett Shaw (nee Gertrude Merserve)—Tunawanda, New York.

Ralph Pitman—Living in Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Arthur Wiley (nee Dorothy Hill)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Arthur Carter (nee Blanche Ballard)—Living at Woburn, Mass.

Mrs. Walter Barker (nee Lelia Shirley)—Living at Farmington, Maine.

Everett Mansfield—Chemist at White Plains, N. Y.

Mrs. Emma Lombard Stevens—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Herman Merrill—Living at Lovell, Maine.

Helen Blake—In Snowville, New Hampshire.

Class of 1911

Langdon Andrews—Living at North Fryeburg, Maine.

George Bacon—New York City, New York.

Mrs. Earle Goodwin (nee Mollie Hutchins)—Augusta, Maine.

Hector Blake—In Denmark, Maine.

Class of 1910

Sybil Barker—Teaching school in Beverly, Mass.

Geraldine Bassett—Working in Florida.

Mrs. Merle Pitman (nee Sarah Eastman)—Living at South Chatham, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Griffin (nee Helen Hodsdon)—Living in Alliston, Mass.

Mrs. Chandler Walker (nee Jessie Walker)—Living in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Oscar Patch (nee Anna Carter)—Living at North Conway, New Hampshire.

Class of 1909

Margerete Aimee Ballard—Teacher in Newtonville.

Class of 1908

Ernest Weeks—Living at Parsonsfield, Maine.

Ellis McKeen—Principal at Kennett High School, Conway, New Hampshire.

Class of 1907

Andrew J. Somes—Who was a captain in the late war received the rank of Major on retiring. At present he is an insurance broker in Boston, Mass.

Class of 1905

Mrs. Erwin Giles (nee Kate Towle)—Living at Brownfield, Maine.

Mrs. Alfred Poore (nee Maggie Keefe)—Living at Portland, Maine.

Paul Newman—With the Vacuum Oil Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Mary Barrows—At Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass.

Cary A. Bradley—Has received a great deal of favorable comment on her painting in Portland, where she spent last winter. She is an artist of great talent and her pictures were on exhibition at the Art Museum at Portland, Maine.

Walter Burnell—Working at Fryeburg, Maine.

W. B. Davis—1839 Vassar Avenue, Glendale, California.

Class of 1902

Eloise Gerry Ph.D—At University of Wisconsin.

Evelyn Thompson—Teaching in Washington, D. C.

Class of 1901

Arthur Walker—Living at Brownfield, Maine.

Ernest Blake—In Providence, Rhode Island.

Alice Charles—Living at North Chatham, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Arthur Walker (nee Grace Marston)—Living at Brownfield, Maine.

Mrs. Marks (nee Lena Emerson)—Living at Berlin, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Walter Billings (nee Molly Gordon)—161 Biglow street, Brighton, Mass.

Mrs. Byron Chaplin (nee Eva Bickford)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. Percy Emerson (nee Eda Bickford)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Albert Whitmore—Teaching in Orono, Maine.

Mrs. Howard Heard (nee Georgia Tasker)—Living at Intervale, N. H.

Class of 1899

Mrs. Charles Simpson (nee Bertha Harriman)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Class of 1896

Clara Tarbox—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Clara E. Page—Living in Portland, Maine.

Class of 1895

John C. Hull—Boston, Mass.

Class of 1892

Herbert Hodsdon—Living at Ossipee, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Herbert Hodsdon—Living in Ossipee, New Hampshire.

Mary Woodward—Living at East Conway, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Mary Leadbeater (nee Mary Morrill)—Alexandria, Virginia.

Floyd Burnell—Teaching in Worcester, Mass.

Class of 1888

Mrs. Connor (nee Ellen Tibbetts)—Spokane, Washington.

Mrs. Charles Jones (nee Suzanne Weston)—Orange, New Jersey.

Mrs. Thomas Charles—Living in Fryeburg, Maine.

Class of 1885

Mary Post—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Class of 1882

Alice Evans—Boston, Mass.

E. C. Buzzell—Former Senator is living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Class of 1881

Mrs. Nellie Walker (nee Nellie Bennett)—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Other Classes

Hazel Fox—Brownfield, Maine.
Christian Fox—Sweden, Maine.
Earle Fox—Bridgton, Maine.
Mrs. Fred White (nee Inez Blake)—In Conway, New Hampshire.
Mrs. Fannie Tibbetts—Fryeburg, Maine.
Miss Mary Gordon—Fryeburg, Maine.
Fred W. Spring—Living at Portland, Maine.
George Weston—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.
Fred Powers—Living at Portland, Maine.
Mrs. Willis Jordon—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.
George Warren—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.
Mrs. Willis Farrington (nee Calista Andrews)—Living at West Fryeburg, Maine.
Lucian Rankin—Working in Portland, Maine.
Mrs. Chester Eastman (nee Sade Towle)—Living in Fryeburg, Maine.
Mrs. John Sweat (nee Mary Towle)—Dutton, Montana.
George Haley—Is recovering from a serious illness, caused by an infected finger. He is connected with the St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, California.
Mrs. Harriet Towle Bradley—Cambridge, Mass.
Ernest Philbrook—Teaching in Manchester, N. H.
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hastings—Fryeburg, Maine.
Edward Weston—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.
Mrs. James Gibson (nee Addie Dow)—North Conway, New Hampshire.
Dr. John Shedd—North Conway, New Hampshire.
Frank Barker—Deceased.
Howard Woodward—Living at East Conway, New Hampshire.
Walter Poore—Working in Mount Vernon, New York.
Paul Robinson—Worcester, Mass.
George Webster—Cambridge, Mass.
Albert Ward—Working in Hiram, Maine.
Reuben Walker—Fryeburg, Maine.
Mrs. Arthur Lougee (nee Lucia Morrill)—At home in Fryeburg, Maine.
Leura Buzzell—Oakland, California.
Mrs. Woodman (nee Cary Johnson)—Living at Westbrook, Maine.

Mrs. Charles Warren (nee Edith Tibbitts)—Arlington, Mass.

Anna Barrows—Instructor at Columbia College. During the winter of '28 and '29 she has given a great many radio lectures.

Harry Fitch—East Sebago, Maine.

Annie Stone—Springfield, Mass.

John Weston—Westfield, New Jersey.

Philip Bradbury—Attending Tufts Medical School, Boston, Mass.

Randall Emerson—Living at Fryeburg Center, Maine.

Wentworth Hurlin—Teaching in Norwark, Conn.

Fred Kimball—Lovell, Maine.

Jesse Rowe—Brownfield, Maine.

Harriet Abbott—Fryeburg, Maine.

Katherine Abbott—Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. John Alden (nee Rachel Weston)—Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Maud Irish—Fryeburg, Maine.

Mrs. R. C. Clark (nee Dela Hill)—Seymour, Conn.

Mrs. Wallace Nutter (nee Abbie Walker)—Fryeburg, Maine.

Howard Ela—Boston, Mass.

Dr. Stevens Perkins—Bartlett, New Hampshire.

Walter Lewis—Living at East Conway, New Hampshire.

Mrs. George Dunn (nee Edna Eastman)—Living at Maplewood, New Jersey.

Robie Evans—Has charge of the National Forest, Baker City, Oregon.

Mr. James Eastman—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Tobias Eastman—Living at Fryeburg, Maine.

Ralph Eastman—Working in the Federal Reserve Bank, Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

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The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.

The Echo, Lisbon High School, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

The Garnet, Alfred High School, Alfred, Maine.

Junior Journal, Glen Ridge Junior High School, Glen Ridge, N. J.

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